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Cambria Freeman.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor

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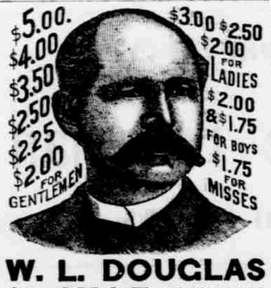

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CONSOLATION.

There's another land and better
We are told,
Where the slave shakes off his fetter,
And where worth is never debtor
Unto gold.

Thither often we are turning
Weary eyes,
And our heavy hearts are yearning,
Night and day are throbbing, burning,
For its skies.

There that foolish superstition,
Pride of birth,
Finds its sudden demolition
And our being's final mission
Is of worth.

There the insolence of power
Falls away,
And the proudest soul must cower,
For the spirit takes no dower
From the clay.

Common lives have wondrous splendor
In that light,
For the spirit meek and tender
Puts to shame the king's defender
Short of might.

Natures touched with fires seraphic
Shed their ears,
And on peace-girt islands Sapphic,
Far from restful toil and traffic,
Deeds and dare.

Laws through years of wrong descended
There are changed;
Customs with injustice blended,
Creeds for centuries defended,
Rearranged.

Heaven has solace without measure—
You and I
Should not dream of earthly pleasure,
But should think about our treasure
In the sky.
—George Horton, in Chicago Herald.

A CLEVER RUSE.

Aunt Kate's Novel Way of Managing Her Obstinate Brother.

"It ain't no use in a-goin' agin your pa, Jennie—he's had his own way 'round here continal, for more'n thirty years, an' you'll jest hev to give in, no use talkin' at him. 'T only makes him wuss."

Poor little Mrs. Olcott had been accustomed during the whole of her married life to "jest give in," and her only chance of peace was in yielding to her selfishly-determined husband, and allowing him to carry his point without opposition.

Jennie was differently constituted. She inherited her father's strong will, and he had, much to his surprise, suddenly discovered an opposing force in his youngest child.

She had been away from home for nearly three years—this pretty, brown-haired girl with the determined face and graceful carriage, and the father secretly admired and almost feared her. A wealthy and childless aunt in the city had besought Jennie to share her home, and Hiram Olcott's pretty daughter, though clinging to the farm, with all its dear memories of childhood and childhood's joys, chose wisely when she yielded to her aunt's request. It was better—far better—for her, for even after her going, there were plenty of children to keep the miserly old farmer in a perpetual grumble about money matters.

It was May and the country wore one glad smile, and Jennie hailed with delight the prospect of a visit to her home, assuming very willingly the responsibility of housekeeping while her two unmarried sisters attended the wedding of a cousin in a distant town.

This morning she was cooking, and with her sleeves rolled above her elbows stood beside the kitchen table. In one hand she held an earthen plate, while the clip, clip, clip of a fork sounded noisily as she whipped some eggs to a froth.

"Yer sisters hed to marry to suit him," wailed the nervous little woman, "an' you'll hev to, too; ef you don't there'll be awful fusses, so you'd jes' better give in."

That morning the father had spoken to Jennie of a young farmer, whom he termed a "likely catch." She had expressed her opinion of him in so decided a way as to alarm Mr. Olcott for the safety of his much prized authority.

He was wont to speak of himself as a marvelous example of the patriarch. "Make 'em mind," he would say. "Keep yer household beneath yer feet; govern 'em well, an' they'll git along."

Jennie's boldness in opposing his judgment so stupefied him that his anger had not yet had time to blaze forth; but Mrs. Olcott knew it would come and so, after her husband had left the kitchen, she pleaded with the girl to "give in." Jennie had been very thoughtful during the little woman's appeal, but now she was resolved, and it was the Olcott in her nature which spoke: "I wouldn't marry Jordan Moggs though father should threaten to murder me."

The eggs were stiff now, and as she set the plate down on the table, she turned from her mother and busied herself among the ingredients for cake-baking which were before her. Jennie was blushing, as she began softly: "There is some one in Poole I like very much, mother, and he's coming out here to—"

"He needn't mind comin'," said Farmer Olcott, grimly, as he stepped quietly into the kitchen. His face wore a cunning leer, and his wind-reddened cheeks were distorted by the sneering curves of his hard-lined mouth. Seating himself on one of the painted wooden chairs, he drew the boot-jack toward him and took off his heavy shoes with a calmness and deliberation that warned Mrs. Olcott that he was thoroughly aroused. The poor, little, nervous, broken-spirited woman had learned that this particularly quiet and inoffensive manner of removing his footgear always preceded a burst of passion.

Hiram Olcott set his cowhide boots by the stove to dry, kicked the jack under the table, and turning toward his daughter, shouted:

"Don't let me ketch none o' yer city fellers comin' to see you. Ef they do, I'll talk to 'em; not a word now," he growled, shaking his long finger menacingly at Jennie, as she essayed to speak. "I'm master in my own house, an' you'll not talk till such time as I'm done. You've been away an' kinder forgot how things is run here, but you might as well get broke in now. I tell you I won't hev any city fellers a-follerin' you; an' ef I ketch your Aunt Kate makin' matches fur you, I'll jest fetch you home from bein' a fine lady down there an' set you workin'." Before Jennie could speak, he had gone into the dining-room, slamming the door behind him.

Tears of mortification and rage stood in her brown eyes and hot words leaped to her lips, but as she glanced down at the agonized face of the little woman beside her the fierce mood changed. She bent to kiss the pain-drawn lips, murmuring: "Never mind, mother dear, I'll be patient for your sake."

"That's a good girl, Jennie," replied Mrs. Olcott, with a sigh of relief, "try and git along peaceable like, an' jest give in for the sake of quiet. Yer pa's gettin' wuss and wuss."

Jennie wrote a partial account of what had occurred to her Aunt Kate, and this was the answer of that clever woman: "My dear Niece:—Your father needs managing; and I will undertake to do it. I have written to him to come down to the city and advise me about the sale of a piece of property, and you need not be surprised at anything that happens."

Mrs. Kate Calding was the only one in the world who ever did understand her brother Hiram, and she had planned a clever little ruse, to be played on the unsuspecting farmer.

Mr. Bryan, whom Jennie had confessed to her mother she cared a great deal for, was well suited to her. He had not yet declared his love, but it was not unguessed by the shrewd little maiden. To Mrs. Calding however he had opened his heart, and she bade him wait a little. She knew how prejudiced her brother was against all arrangements not conducted by himself, and rightly concluded that he might put serious difficulty in the way of the young people. After satisfying herself that the name of Jennie's lover was quite unknown to her brother, she resolved to introduce him as a young man who would be a good match for Jennie, if the girl only could be wise enough to think so. Allowing him to believe they had never met, she trusted to his unequalled obstinacy to do the rest.

"I've wanted so much to talk with you about Jennie," said that lady, as she and Hiram sat in her well-appointed drawing-room the night of his arrival.

"Yes, and I'm willin'. She ought to be settled," said the old man decidedly.

"It does not do, Hiram," began Mrs. Calding, watching the hard-lined face intently, "to depend on a girl's choice, and—"

"Well, I guess it don't," he interrupted, with a sneer.

"There is a young man in town who, I know, admires Jennie, and if he should meet her I think something would come of it." Very quietly, yet with the utmost caution, she made this statement.

The old man was interested. "Rich?" he inquired, rubbing his hands gently together.

"Yes," was the answer; then she went on:

"Of course it's so very uncertain, Hiram. You see, Jennie might refuse to have a word to say to him, and—"

"Now, Kate, look here," interrupted the thoroughly excited old man, as he drew his chair nearer hers and emphasized his words with decisive gestures, "ef I like that young man, I'll jest take him out home with me, an' I'd like to see Jennie tell him to go, if I'm livin'."

Mrs. Calding was delighted at her success thus far. The next day Mr. Bryan was introduced, and became the old man's ideal of a son-in-law.

On the farmer's return to his home Mr. Bryan accompanied him, having accepted the hearty invitation of his new friend to "jest run out an' take a look around our part of the country."

Jennie had been appraised of Mr. Bryan's coming, and of the little deception in which she was to play her part. She met him as if he were a stranger, while her father secretly rejoiced at the thought of subduing his proud young daughter.

Mr. Olcott took an early opportunity to enlighten Jennie as to her duty toward his new friend, and with a twinkle in her eye she promised to do her best to please him in the matter.

A week passed. Jennie and Mr. Bryan were very happy. The days were delightful ones to them, and the old farmer rubbed his hands at the success of his scheme, and gave his consent to an early marriage with no hesitation.

He often speaks now of his match-making. "There's Jennie," he will say: "She'd hev picked up with some empty-noddled city chap ef I hadn't jest took her in hand. I brung Bryan out an' told her that she'd got to behave to him. It's the only way to do—jest make 'em mind, an' they'll git along."

They would not undeceive him for anything—the happy young couple; but when he boasts, they think with loving gratitude of clever Aunt Kate.—Frances Burton Claire, in Drake's Magazine.

THE IRRITATING MAN.

He Is the One Who Makes You Nervous When He Is About.

Did you ever experience the sensation—not a pleasant one—of being thrown into a state of nervousness by the presence of some one? The person may be a stranger or an acquaintance, may be a good friend or an enemy. There seems to be something peculiar about such a one that makes him almost unbearable, at least at times. Very likely he doesn't affect others as he affects you, and you may do your best to overcome what you feel to be merely your own weakness. But the effort is vain. He irritates you in some inexplicable way. The sensation is most emphatic, although the reason of it may be beyond your ability to discover.

These are a few of the symptoms of a common sense case, which you cannot fail to have diagnosed for yourself as often as you had the time or interest necessary. You do not need to see or hear your man. You can just feel his presence and it will send your thoughts scurrying, no matter how well you had them in hand before.

The man who makes you nervous is a fixture in society as long as people are born with nerves and as long as people are born with different dispositions. As long as poles of magnet attract and repel so long will people have mysterious attachments and revulsions. Who can account for it? Shall we lay it at the door of magnetism, mesmerism or hypnotism, or shall we say simply imagination or perhaps hysterics?—Pittsburgh Post.

Lifting the Hat.

In Paris the custom of gentlemen removing their hats upon meeting female acquaintances is falling into "innocuous desuetude." Many gentlemen now just touch the brim of the hat in military fashion when meeting a lady, and it is accepted as being good form.

THE OLD SETTLER.

He Rebukes Peleg, Sustains Maria and Spins a Yarn.

Little Peleg and his grandmother had had a little misunderstanding during the day over the doing of a few chores. His grandmother had taken the ground that the chores should be done and that Peleg should do them, while Peleg felt that his duty called him to make good his promise to Bill Simmons and join that hopeful youth in a skating bout on the mill pond. If he tarried to do the chores the best part of the day would be gone, he would miss the skating bout, and on Monday at school Bill Simmons would taunt him by adapting that dreaded distich of boyhood days to suit his case and singing it at him at recess:

Peleg, Peleg, poor little thing!
Tied to his grandmammy's apron string!

Therefore Peleg had whimpered and whined, and said he wasn't going to do the chores, and his grandmother had been compelled to take down the paddle that hung behind the woodshed door and increase Peleg's circulation before he could be brought to adopt her views in the matter under discussion. And so, although at supper his grandmother had put two nice, fat crullers by his plate instead of one, and had asked him if he didn't want another dish of preserved quinces after he had already had two, Peleg wasn't ready yet to resume the amicable relations that usually existed between him and her. There was to be a meeting of the Sol's Ridge Clothers of Them that's Naked and Feeders of Them that's Hungry that evening at Dominie Van Slocum's, and after his grandmother had gone to take her place as chairman of the society, Peleg, presuming on the feeling his grandmother generally had toward Maria on the meeting night of the Clothers and Feeders, thought he would raise the Old Settler and at the same time wake up a little sympathy by throwing out a hint that he didn't exactly approve of Maria himself.

"Well," said he, "gran'mammy's gone over to the Clothers and Feeders again to cackle and listen to the rest of the old women cackle."

"What's that, Peleg?" exclaimed the Old Settler, taking his pipe out of his mouth quickly. Peleg looked up with a start. The Old Settler's tone wasn't the one he had expected.

"I said that I guessed gran'mammy had gone over to the Clothers and Feeders meetin'," replied Peleg, meekly.

"Course she has!" said the Old Settler. "Do y' s'pose yer gran'mammy don't want no reecryation? Did I hear y' say sumpin' 'bout her goin' to the Clothers 'n' Feeders to cackle?"

Peleg had to admit that he had made that remark.

"Sonny," said the Old Settler, "yer wrong. M'rier don't do no cacklin'! If she's takin holt o' the Clothers 'n' Feeders she hain't doin' no cacklin'. She's doin' the crowin', b'gosh! M'riar's generally cock o' the walk wherever she takes holt to help run things, 'n' tha hain't no gettin' 'round that. You hain't lived with yer gran mammy ez long ez I hev, Peleg!"

Peleg was disappointed, but by and by he made another effort, and renewed the attack on a different line.

"I guess gran'mammy must think I'm easy stuffed," said he after a long silence, during which the Old Settler had puffed calmly at his pipe. "You know them funny shaped things in the moon? Well, I asked gran'mammy what they was once, and she said: 'Man in the moon, eatin' cabbage with a spoon!' Huh!" exclaimed Peleg, contemptuously. "Man in the moon! Jes' as if she could stuff me with a man bein' in the moon!"

"Peleg!" exclaimed the Old Settler, sternly. "Yer gran'mammy knows w'at she's talkin' 'bout! She's seen that moon come a rollin' up 'n' a goin' down more years, 'most, th'n you hev mout's. She hain't planted her garden by it, 'n' stuck her peas by it, 'n' cut my hair by it, 'n' picked her geese by it for fifty year 'n' better without knowin' w'at's in that moon, 'n' w'at hain't in it. If she says tha's a man in it she knows w'at she's talkin' 'bout. W'at y' got agin yer gran'mammy, anyhow, y' young sarpint?"

"Nothin'!" exclaimed Peleg, giving up the struggle. "But the skatin' was bully to-day, and Bill Simmons 'll —"

"Bill Simmons be durned!" cried the Old Settler. "Seems ez if that pesky young varmint couldn't think o' nothin' else to do, so he sets you up to make trouble 'twixt me an' M'riar, th't's lived fer better'n fifty year without a word, b'gosh! 'Ceptin' a few, mebbe, now 'n' then. But you go 'n' tell Bill Simmons he can't do it, b'gosh! I'll stan' by M'riar! Nobody can't git up 'n run M'riar down 'n' 'spect me to jine him. I don't keer a durn wuther he's bone o' my bone 'n' flesh o' my flesh, or wuther he's the spawn 'n' grizzle o' all the Simmonses tha is outen jail! M'riar knows w'at she's talkin' 'bout, wuther it's the man in the moon or wuther it's the man out'n the moon! You 'n' Bill Simmons mustn't come 'n' try to git up a fuss 'twixt me 'n' M'riar, b'gosh, or tha'll be some fur flyin' round here!"

"But, gran'pop," said Peleg, I wasn't—"

"Never mind!" exclaimed the Old Settler, interrupting Peleg, and waving his hand as if to brush away the unpleasant subject. He puffed at his pipe in silence for a long time, and Peleg mused bitterly on how hard it was to be a boy. His musings were interrupted by the cat rubbing herself against his leg, and he was in the depth of a scheme by which he could manage to accidentally tumble puss in the water pail on the kitchen bench, when his grandfather spoke and the scheme was abandoned.

"Soy, thort yer gran'mammy were tryin' to stuff y', did ye, w'en she tol' y' 'bout the man in the moon?" said the Old Settler, in a mild and bantering voice and with a twinkle in his eye. "Then I guess she couldn't ha' follered it up by tellin' y' the story she knows 'bout one o' yer ancisters, did she?"

"No!" exclaimed Peleg, forgetting his troubles in anticipation of hearing a lively chapter of family history. "Was he the man in the moon, grah'pop?"

"Not edzac'ly, sonny! Not edzac'ly!" replied the Old Settler, enjoying Peleg's eagerness. "If M'riar had thunk to tell y' the story she'd ha' tol' y' th't y' had an ancister wunst ez got it inter his head th't he mus' go 'n' disk iver the north pole. It hain't on the records w'at he were goin' to with it if he had had got back hum with it, but if he hadn't diskivered it he wouldn't never ha' sot foot on his native lan' no more. Oh, yes! He diskivered it. I know yer goin' ter say sumpin' 'bout yer joggerfy not havin' anythin' in it 'bout his diskiverin' the north pole, but that hain't got nuthin' to do with it. I'm a tellin' jist w'at yer gran'mammy 'd ha' tol' y' if she'd only ha' thunk of it. This happened so long ago, sonny, th't I guess the joggerfy's forgot all about it. Well, ez yer gran'mammy 'd say if she were tellin' y' the story, this here ancister o' your'n put on his wooden stockin's, 'n' his cowhide boots, 'n' his knit mittens, 'n' his red 'n' yaller comforter, 'n' his b'arskin cap, 'n' away he starts to diskiver the north pole. Tha hain't no tellin', Peleg, the things th't yer ancister put up with 'n' went through on his journey to'ards the pole, but he kep' gittin closeter 'n' closeter to the place whar the moon comes up, till it got so he k'd 'most reach out 'n' tech it ez it riz 'n' went on its way to shine on Sugar Swamp 'n' the rest of the kentry he had left ahind him. Yer ancister's gran'mammy had more'n likely tol' him o'en he were little 'bout the man in the moon eatin' cabbage with a spoon, jist like yer gran'mammy tol' you, sonny, 'n' he 'membered that 'n' kep' a wutchin' out to git a sight o' him ez he draw'd nigher an' nigher to the moon on his journey to'ard the north pole.

"'I don't keer so much 'bout the man in the moon,' said yer ancister, 'but I'd like to her the run o' that cabbage o' his'n for about half an hour,' said he.

"But he didn't see nothin' o' the man nor the cabbage, 'n' he journeyed nigher to whar the moon gits up. Bime by, one day, he seen sumpin' stickin' up agin the sky, outen a mountain o' ice, th't looked jist like a allfired tall dead pine tree. Yer ancister stopped 'n' a good look at it. Then he know'd he had diskivered the north pole. I s'pose this ancister o' your'n, Peleg, must 'a' been the forgitfullest chap that ever lived, fer yer gran'mammy 'd ha' tol' y', if she'd jest thunk of it, th't ez he were jiggin' on to'ard the pole, a-thinkin' how he'd warm hisself up a choppin' of it down, he made the diskiv'ry th't he'd fergot to bring his ax with him! But he went on, 'n' w'en he got within a quarter miled o' the pole, he heered a noise ahind him, 'n' lookin' 'round w'at sh'd he see a comin' arter him, licky-tebrindle, but a white b'ar bigger'n a yearlin' heifer! Then yer fergit'ful ancister made another diskiv'ry. He had fergot to bring his gun with him! Tha' wa'n't no time fer him to sniffle over that, though, for the b'ar kep' on a comin'. Thar were'unly one thing fer yer ancister to do, sonny, 'n' that were to dig fer it ez tight ez he could, 'n' shin up the north pole! An' he dug. The b'ar wa'n't more'n ten jumps ahind him, but yer ancister reached the pole 'n' were a good ways upit 'fore the b'ar got to it. It were jist about the time the moon were gittin' up to start on its travels. Yer ancister didn't hev no idee th't the b'ar k'd climb a tree, but ez he looked back to see w'at the big bruin were up to, he 'most let go his holt 'n' tumbled down, for the b'ar were slidin' up the pole arter him ez easy ez water runs down hill, 'n' were gainin' on yer ancister at ev'ry clip. The moon were up by this time, 'n' yer ancister give w'at he thort were his las' look at it. He had got to the top o' the pole, 'n' the b'ar were most in reachin' distance o' his coat-tails. Yer ancister give hisself up for lost, 'n' the moon kum a sailin' long. Yer ancister k'd 'most feel the b'ar breathin' on him, 'n' jest ez the b'ar were pointer ket his jaws in his flank he felt hisself yanked offen that pole so quick it made his head swim! The man in the moon had grabbed him, sonny, 'n' reskied him from th't hungry 'n' savage b'ar! That's w'at yer gran'mammy 'd ha' tol' y', Peleg, if she'd ha' thunk on it, 'n' she'd ha' tol' y', too, how the man in the moon carried yer ancister back to—but w'at's allin' of ye, sonny? Is cramps a-ketchin' of ye?"

Peleg's gaze had suddenly been fastened on something behind the Old Settler. At first he looked alarmed, and then clapped both hands over his mouth to keep back laughter that seemed to want to burst forth in howls. The Old Settler looked around, and his eyes popped wide open with astonishment. Maria stood in the sitting-room door. Her eyes snapped, and her head was high in the air. She had come in the front way, with her new gum shoes on, and neither Peleg nor his grandfather had heard her.

"That's w'at I'd ha' tol' him if I'd ha' thunk of it," she snapped. "Well, here's jist w'at I'll tell you, 'fore I forgit it, 'n' that is th't if it wa'n't fer the all-pervadin' sperit o' peace th't I've brought fum the meetin' of the Clothers 'n' Feeders I'd say some things that'd make ye wish th't you was that ancister o' Peleg's yerself, with the b'ar arter y', even if thar wa'n't no pole to climb nor no man in the moon to r skky ye! An', Peleg, yer h'ist yerself off ter bed, or I'll make that paddle so hot on ye th't ye'll think yer settin' down on mustard plasters!"

Peleg hurried off to bed. His grandmother followed him. The Old Settler smoked awhile in silence. Then he slapped his hand on his knee and said:

"I'll give twelve shill'n to anyone, b'gosh, that'll steal them gum shoes o' M'riar's! A fellar hain't safe 'round here no more!"—Ed Mott, in N. Y. Sun.

Tragedy at Wounded Knee.

"One of the results of the fight struck me as being peculiarly horrible," writes an eye-witness of the combat. "The battle was about over—only an occasional shot being fired away in the distance—when two women, one old, the other young, appeared on the field from some place of concealment and began looking at the bodies of the dead of their race. They would have been shot had it not been for the interference of an officer—Lieut. Sickles. As rapidly as possible they moved from corpse to corpse (the wounded were but few) and when near the prostrate line of waiting soldiers they found those whom they sought—their husbands. Low wails of anguish followed recognition. The old woman, mother of the younger, was bending over her husband when the daughter deliberately approached from behind, covered her mother's eyes with her left hand and then cut the maternal throat with a keen knife she had in her right. Before any of the spectators could say or do a thing the girl threw off her bright plaid shawl, shook back her long hair, and with the bloody blade severed her own jugular vein."

LOVERS' WALKS.

Ah, once I liked not lovers' walks—
Nor wanderings by the hill—
When star to star at eventide talks,
And all the world is still!
I laughed at all romantic souls
That half in rapture stood;
I hated strolls—those moonlight strolls—
And always thought I should!

I vowed by all the world o'er knew
Of beautiful and bright,
No love on earth should tempt me to
A rambling walk by night!
But, ah—one's mind can little guess
To what one's heart is born;
Who thought a month—or even less—
Would find me so forsworn!

But when I loved not star—nor moon—
Nor wanderings through the glen—
My song of life was at of tune.
I know not romance, then!
Now I would rather roam till light
Bloom'd o'er the morn's sweet breast;
Than ever breathe those words, "Good night!"
Or ever think of rest.
—N. Y. Ledger.

HIS PERQUISITE.

Why the Squire Doesn't Keep as Well Posted as Formerly.

"It ought to be here by this time," said the postmaster of Darby, as he shuffled in from taking a squinting view through his fist down the "turnpike."

"Well, I can't wait. If anything comes, send it up." Jake Perkins picked up his molasses-jug and went out.

The Darby mail was late: and when, a few minutes later, some one announced the approach of the mail, the postmaster felt called upon to vindicate his own position by censure of the mail-carrier, who climbed slowly out of the dilapidated old buggy called the "stage."

"You must have a powerful heavy mail, you're so long getting here," he began.

"Always have a heavy mail when Billy's aboard," said Uncle Billy Tate, winking as he entered with his usual deliberation and threw the mail pouch with a circular motion over the counter and around behind the small cluster of boxes known as the Darby post office.

"That may all be so," said the squire, "but the people of this town don't feel obliged to wait all day on a government official, on no soldier ground than his being fat and his horse lean. This office is run for *the* people, not for *a* people, and they want their news on time."

"The news'll keep," said one.

"An' the squire'll never let his perkisites spoil a-layin'," remarked another, with a wink.

These frequenters of the combination village store and post office knew that the squire at least wanted the news; and it was no secret that the newspapers and postal cards that came in the mail for the families living on the outlying hills grave him an opportunity for supplying his wants—an opportunity not enjoyed by the less favored residents.

In reality the squire had rejoiced over this fact when he took the office, looking upon it as one of the perquisites of the position, and "perquisites" he always had an eye upon.

He had always reasoned that anyone had a right to make a good thing when he could. If he had a better chance than most people for news, why, if there was anything to be made out of it, who had a better right to use it?

He distributed the matter among the boxes with great deliberation and entered the sitting-room adjoining the store as soon as the crowd had departed. He slipped a postal card into his wife's hand.

"Perkinses coming, S'liny."

In a very short time his wife thrust her head into the store.

"Why, it don't concern us; there's no news on it," she said, with evident disappointment. "What of it?" she questioned, as she slid back to the office and reached up to place the postal card among the P's.

"I'll put that card up, S'liny. Just you leave it down there. So you think that isn't news, and don't concern us! Well, I reckon it does. You wait till I get this mackerel kit down cellar."

Presently he came up from the cellar. "Isn't it eleven miles to Perkins'?" he asked. "And isn't Raf free as water with his money? The man that takes 'em up there's going to get paid for it, and I'm going to be that man."

"You! Why, Dan'l, where's your t'other horse and your wagon?"

"I've thought that out. Fry's mare for a half-dollar, and Job's big wagon and her, and I'll clear a full five on it."

"But Jake'll go after 'em, sure, if he gets wind of it."

"Just so! But he's got to get wind of it. To-day's Monday, and I'm thinking he won't get that card before Thursday. See?"

"La, yes, I see, but don't you go to doing anything against the law, Dan'l."

"Well, 'tisn't against the law to forget." The card was whisked among some papers as a customer entered.

Thursday morning found the squire at the early train, but there was no one there answering to the Perkins' relatives.

"Perhaps the folks you are looking for will come on the night express," said the conductor, of whom he inquired. "That's due at six."

"At six o'clock it'll be dark," he mused, "and they'll pay almost any price to get there. I'll wait; but what ails that horse's foot?"

Inspection proved that the borrowed animal had cast a shoe, which had to be set. Then he had to have crackers and cheese for the day of waiting; but night and the express came at last, and no Perkinses upon it.

"Well, it's queer, mighty queer!" mused the squire, as he drove slowly homeward. "They said Thursday, and here 'tis Thursday night—Whoa-p!"

He had run full into a wagon which was being driven along the dark road. By the light of a match he discovered a badly wrenched wheel.

"You come, Dan'l?"

It was late when his wife peered out into the gloom as he stumbled in out of the dark.

"Yes, I have, and that's more than other folks have!" he answered, gruffly.

"Didn't Raf's folks come?"

"No, they didn't, and I don't see what folks want to be writing to make folks traipse 'round after them for like this all for nothing. Anybody been for the mail?"

"No, but a man's been here to buy the old gray, and he said he guessed, seeing that neither you nor the horse was here, he'd back down."

"Jiminetty! If I didn't forget I'd set the day! There's the last chance gone to get rid of Bob. I tell you, S'liny, those Perkinses ought to pay me for this! I'll be out nigh three dollars before I get through with that wheel business!" he groaned. "And all because they didn't come up to their word."

Next day, after the squire had distributed the mail, Jacob Perkins entered the store.

"Hello, squire! What's the matter with uncle Sam this week?"

"Uncle Sam?" the squire asked, somewhat agitated. Did Perkins know anything about that postal?

"Yes, he's powerfully behind time. I didn't know but Uncle Billy 'd had the apoplexy or his horse 'd got cholled by an extra oat, and government had stopped accordin'ly. I ought to have had a postal from nephew Raf last Monday."

"Perhaps it got delayed. Lots of new men in the service, and Darby's out in the country. Maybe that's it."

He handed out the card with an effort at unconcerned indifference.

"I should say it was—and the day after ther fair. If I'd got it when I ought he wouldn't 've had to get a livery and express wagon to bring 'em all up and their trunks."

"Hey! Raf come?" the squire exclaimed.

"Rig and baggage, Tuesday, just as he wrote he would."

"Tuesday! You sure it was Tuesday?"

The squire's surprise had got the better of his discretion.

"See for yourself. It's plain as daylight."

"Why, isn't that an *h* in there?" The squire pointed to the word as he viewed it through his glasses.

"No, sir! You ain't so used to Raf's writing as we are."

Perkins laughed, knowing the squire's curiosity. "As I was saying, if I'd have known it in time I'd have got Jon to go after 'em—I was working so like a beaver, and the roads are bad. You might as well have had that two dollars Raf threw away on the livery fellers—an' better, too. I told him so."

"S'liny!"

"Why, what's the matter, Dan'l?" his wife asked in rising accents of alarm as he put his head in at the door a few moments after Perkins' departure, a woe-begone expression on his face. "One of your attacks coming on?"

"S'liny, the Perkinses have come—the whole family."

"Land sakes!" She bounced up indignantly. "When?"

"Tuesday," he answered, slowly and solemnly. "Just what that postal said, too. Here we both of us had that thing here since Monday, and read it Thursday every time. And if I'd been attending to my own business I'd 've made ten dollars. As 'tis I'm out of pocket fastend of in."

"It's a

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY, - - - JUNE 5, 1891.

SIR JOHN MCDONALD, Canada's aged premier has been lying extremely ill for several days past and all hopes are given up for his recovery.

THE Supreme Court has refused the application of counsel for the Delamaters for a continuance of the hearing for a charge of venue until the October term. The argument will take place this week.

HERBERT W. LADD was chosen last week Governor of Rhode Island "by the two houses on grand committee." Governor Davis, the present incumbent, was re-elected by the people. What a farce the New England system is.

Go to the primaries on Saturday, whoop it up for your favorites with all your might and be prepared to submit to the decision of the majority whether your men are nominated or not. That is the way all good Democrats do.

IN the chase of the Chilian insurgent steamer Itata by the Charleston, the latter vessel seems to have just followed close enough to miss the lucky Chilian. Everything managed by this administration seems to come in at the tail end of the procession.

COMMISSIONER RAUM says that there is a conspiracy against him. That's what every criminal says when brought to trial. The conspiracy in this case represents the honest people of the country demanding that a man above suspicion be put in Raum's place.

GENERAL BENJ. F. BUTLER thinks that it is about time for the United States to become involved in another war. The General's logic is that if the present generation fails to see the United States involved in war, the historical precedents of a century will have been broken.

THE following is a brief summary of the bills passed by the legislature which reached the State Department.

Total number received, 414; approved by Governor, 122; recalled, 12; vetoed, 17. Total, 151, leaving in Governor's hands 263. Resolutions, 37.

In 1889 this was the summary: Total number bills, 374; approved, 332; recalled, 6; vetoed, 36; resolutions, 30.

THE last legislature passed a bill changing the manner of making the Registry of voters and the law was approved by Governor Pattison on Friday of last week. As the Registry books are now in the hands of the assessors, who are at work making out the Registry lists it would be well for the assessors to stop work on them until they receive some further instructions from the Commissioners, which they will send out as soon as a copy of the law is received.

WHAT, says the Harrisburg *Star*, has the legislature done for the toilers of the State? Let us see. The anti-Pinkerton bill was defeated, so were the bills to revise the bituminous mine laws; to prohibit dockage robbery; to abolish compulsory railroad relief funds; to provide for the examination of miners in the bituminous regions; the checkweighman's measure; the employers' liability bill and the mechanics' lien bill.

What are the workingmen going to do about it?

THE general opinion that national banks are much safer depositories than private banks receives a severe set-back when we learn from the evidence taken in the case of the rotten Keystone bank of Philadelphia, that the officials of the United States Treasury Department at Washington, knew of the crookedness in the bank ninety days before the collapse, and yet during that time the bank was permitted to keep open and scoop in the innocent depositors while probably some favored few were given the tip to get their money out. The investigation of the Keystone bank failure has developed more crookedness to the square inch than that of any other institution we ever read of.

GOVERNOR PATTISON'S anger has been aroused by the gross carelessness of the state officials in making it possible for City Treasurer Bardsley, of Philadelphia, to embezzle almost a million dollars of money belonging to the state. If the auditor general had insisted upon Bardsley making his settlements with the state at the times prescribed by law, the theft could not have taken place. The Governor suspects that there are other delinquents, and he has accordingly demanded of the auditar general statements "showing the amounts due the commonwealth for taxes, licenses, &c., for the years 1889 and 1890 and which yet remain unpaid," There will be music in the air if this investigation uncovers any other rascals.

THERE is a strong impression on the part of well informed persons in official circles at Washington that while Secretary Noble is not going to leave the public service they would not be surprised if in a very short time he would retire from the interior department to accept a prominent place in the diplomatic service. One story is to the effect that he will take Minister Smith's place at St. Petersburg. Another and more probable story is that if Secretary Porter should be elected to succeed Senator Edmunds, which now seems certain, Minister Lincoln will be made secretary of war, and Secretary Noble will be sent to the court of St. James. Secretary Noble is still absent, but there are those in his department who believe that he will not much longer occupy his present position.

THERE is no issue before the American people to-day, says the Louisville *Courier Journal*, none that can be brought before them, comparable in importance with the question whether taxation shall be for the benefit of all, that is, to raise revenue to pay the necessary expenses of the Government, or whether it shall be primarily levied for the purpose of fostering monopolies and advancing the interests of classes that compose but an insignificant fraction of the people.

It was upon this leading issue that the ever memorable campaign of 1890 was fought and won. On that as the paramount question the people of the United States pronounced against the party of the administration by a majority of nearly a million.

There was a time when there was serious division in the Democratic party upon this question. That time is now past. The party stands upon the question of taxation for revenue, and not to foster monopolies, united and invincible.

We have won the battle, but we have not yet garnered the fruits of victory. A Republican President is still in the White House, a Republican majority still dominates the Senate. We have yet to win other victories before the tariff can be reformed in the interest of the people who bear its burdens. The experience of last years points unerringly to the way in which those victories are to be won. Another charge along the line of tariff reform and the citadel of the enemy will be in our possession.

Keep the supreme issue well to the front. Upon this, while we are harmonious, our enemies are divided. To revise the tariff in the interest of the masses of the people is a task great enough for any party to undertake. It is a task to which the Democratic party is irrevocably pledged, and to its completion it should devote its unwavering attention and its best energies.

THERE is no state in the Union says the Baltimore *Sun* in which the "practical politician has had more swing than in Pennsylvania. With the exception of an occasional spasm of popular indignation, as in the two elections of Governor Pattison, the "machine" has had everything in its own hands, and the result is seen in the legislature which has practically nullified the popular will in its demand for various reforms, and in the loss of nearly a million of the state's money, besides large sums belonging to the city of Philadelphia, owing to the peculiar "financering" in the office of the City Treasury of Philadelphia. If voters need no object lesson to convince them of the waste and folly of submission to ring politics, they have only to study the political history of Pennsylvania and its chief city, Philadelphia, for the past twenty-five or thirty years. There ring rule has been reduced to a science, and as its opportunities have been greater than here in Maryland—for Pennsylvania is a much larger and much richer State—it has been enabled to build up an elaborate and almost impregnable system. If there is any good in "practical" politics it surely ought to show itself under such conditions, but the actual results are such as to make an honest Pennsylvanian blush for shame. As in Maryland, the iniquity of ring rule has culminated in the downfall of a trusted treasurer, whose name was a synonym for honesty, and the deficiency of considerably over a million in whose accounts could only have been possible by the connivance or neglect of party associates.

ON Monday Governor Pattison approved a number of bills passed by recent legislature, among them the following: Permitting Justices of the Peace to use a seal of office; granting divorces when either party has been convicted of forgery or any infamous crime; to prevent persons from unlawful wearing of the insignia of the Loyal Legion and the badges of the Grand Army of the Republic and the shield of the Veterans' Union Legion; appropriations for memorial tablet for the Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania Emergency Regiment at Gettysburg; appropriation for salaries of officers in the Pennsylvania Reform School at Morganza; appropriation for the reformatory at Huntingdon; appropriation for the State Hospital in the middle coal field; regulating the standard weight of a bushel of potates; making an appropriation to the Cottage State Hospital for injured persons of the bituminous and semi- bituminous coal regions at Philipsburg, Centre county; making an appropriation towards the maintenance of the Pennsylvania nautical school ship.

ANNEXED is the third plank of the platform adopted by the recent Democratic state convention of Kentucky: "We insist that tariff reform is the paramount issue before the American people and denounce the McKinley bill as the most outrageous measure of taxation ever proposed in the American Congress. It has increased the burdens, already too great, upon the necessaries of life and reduced taxes on luxuries that are most able to bear them. It has made existence even harder for the farmer and wage-earner in the land, in order that the profits of the monopolies and trusts may be increased. It robs the many to enrich the few, and 'does not open a market for a single bushel of wheat or a single barrel of pork.' In contrast with it the policy of Grover Cleveland and John G. Carlisle would discourage unnecessary expenditures, provide all needed revenues, cheapen what we buy and open the markets of the world to the products of our farms and factories."

THE Department of State has received its first official information relative to the attempted uprising against the Hyppolite Government in Haiti. This information was contained in a brief dispatch from United States Minister Douglass, which stated that a revolution had been attempted, but that it had been suppressed.

Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C. May 29, 1891. Mr. Harrison has at last, it is said, braced up his backbone sufficiently to inform Commissioner of Pensions Raum that he must hand in his resignation as soon as another man can be found with some political pull who is willing to take the place. Raum did the grand kick act, and has not yet consented to resign, saying that he prefers being dismissed; but he'll change his mind. They all do that way. When Tanner was asked for his resignation he swore that he would never write it, but he did all the same. It's easy to talk about being kicked, but when the big hob-nailed boot is raised they all get out of the way if possible.

Just as might have been expected, the alleged attempt to begin criminal proceedings against young Raum and his partners in office selling has already practically petered out, and the District attorney, a Republican of course, has begun to hint about the difficulty of securing the necessary proof to convict Raum or any of his pals, and the uselessness of bringing the case before the grand jury. It is always difficult to do that which we do not wish to do.

By the way, speaking of Pension Office matters, there was quite a farce played there this week. A man was tried for borrowing money, and Commissioner Raum, the man who acknowledged under oath that he had borrowed $12,000 from the king of the pension sharks, was one of the judges. Ye gods, think of that. It was certainly the acme of absurdity. Of course the borrower was acquitted, but a victim had to be found, so the fellow who got the loan for him from a Washington ten per center was found, to be too loose in his ideas of the amount of interest that ought to be charged for accommodation loans, and was accordingly dismissed in disgrace from the Government service. There are piles and piles of crookedness all over the Pension bureau awaiting the argus eye of a Democratic Congressional investigating committee.

Secretary Proctor having given the War department several consecutive days of his valuable time has now gone back to Vermont to put in about ten days in looking after his private business.

If it be true, as is generally believed here, that the instructions telegraphed the revenue cutters Rush and Bear as to the part they should take in the present sealing season in Bering Sea, are practically the same as those issued to them last season——to pretend to watch, but at the same time to be very careful never to see any illegal sealing——Mr. Blaine must feel very thankful that he was not here when they were issued.

The Attorney General has gone to the rescue of the Secretary of the Treasury, to a limited extent, by deciding that the last named official has authority to issue silver certificates against the $4,000,000 seigniorage that has been accumulated by the coinage of bullion. Mr. Foster has also, it is said, arrived at the conclusion that he can issue silver certificates against tthe $20,000,000 in fractional silver that he has been unsuccessfully trying to put into circulation for several weeks past. These are the methods by which the administration hopes to stave off that much dreaded deficit.

Mr. Harrison must have been reminded of the Conkling-Garfield trouble this week when ex-Senators Platt and Miller, of New York, each supported by a dozen or more friends, invaded the White House to engage in a fight over the appraisership of the port of new York. Mr. Harrison finally succeeded in making Secretary Foster temporary referee of the contest, and he got rid of the gang by promising to come over to New York and look into things before making any decision. When that decision is made, the side that gets left will jump on Mr. Harrison for satisfaction, and he will wish, as many another President has, that there were no Federal offices in New York.

Representative T. J. Campbell, of New York, who is now here, is authority for a statement that will have a very important bearing upon the Speakership contest if he is not mistaken. He says that it has been decided that the twenty-three Democratic votes which New York will have in the next House will be cast as a unit in the vote for Speaker. The candidate who is to receive these twenty-three votes has not been decided upon, and will not be until a conference is held: but Mr. Campbell is certain that the delegation will select the winner.

Hon. Jerry Simpson is going to make free trade speeches in Ohio in opposition to McKinley's high tariff talks. M.

The Pretty Widow in Jail.

WEST CHESTER, Pa., June 3.—Mrs. Blanche Woodward Young, pretty widow of J. Norris Young whose death by poison has been conclusively shown by Dr. Formad, is a prisoner in the hands of the law, charged with deliberately causing the death of her husband. When the warrant was served on her for the first time since the husband's death, Blanche broke down and sobben convulsively, protesting her innocence, and frantically imploring the officer not to take her to prison.

The testimany, as produced before the justice, showed a very unhappy state of affairs in the Young household. They had both openly expressed dissatisfaction with each other. She had said she "would fix him," or made similar threats, and he had vilely cursed her in the presence of others. The defence claimed that the death was due to cholera morbus, and that the malady proved fatal because of the ignorance of his doctor, who was no doctor at all.

Mr. Oellers in Charge.

PHILADELPHIA, June 1.—Richard G. Oellers, the choice of the County Commissioners and City Councils for City Treasurer to succeed John Bardsley, who is now in prison awaiting trial for embezzlement, took possession of the City Treasurer's office this morning.

Counsel for Mr. Oellers and Mr. Wright (Governor Pattison's appointee) have arrived at an amicable understanding as to the future course to be pursued. The question as to who has the right to fill a vacancy in the office of City Treasurer—the Governor or City Councils—will be formely brought before the Court of Common Pleas to-day, and on next Friday the case will be argued before the Supreme Court. A decision is expected by next Saturday.

A Brother Shoots his Sister.

WEST CHESTER, May 31.—Mrs. Lafayette Pyle, of this place, was perhaps fatally shot by her brother, a young man named Walters while he was hunting ground-hogs close to Long Wood cemetery, near Kennet Square. Mrs. Pyle and her husband had gone to the cemetery to visit the graves of friends and without their presence being known there by her brother, he discharged his rifle at a ground-hog and the ball took effect in the breast of his sister who is about thirty years of age. She was taken to a house near by and medical aid was summoned, but to a late hour this afternoon the bullet had not been located and the patient's condition is said to be of a very critically nature.

The Tin Plate Liars.

The tariff painter says that for the first four months of this year Great Britain exported to this country £2,888,353 worth of tin plate as against £1,256,660 in the first four months of 1890. This increase, the picture says, was due to the desire to get as much as possible into the country before the tin plate schedule of the new tariff bill shall become effective.

The tariff man seems to have forgotten that tariff papers say American manufacturers are supplying the market and that we have no use for English plate. The exports of this article should have fallen off, rather than have increased, owing to the fact that the Welsh manufactories have shut down for want of a market in this country, if the stories told by Republicans were true. But they were not exactly true; in fact, the tariff painter depicts them in their true colors when he paints an increase in exports. He virtually illustrates to the country that the Republican papers were lying when they said the American factories were supplying the market with tin plate cheaper than the foreign article. He has told who are the tin plate liars.

He also told the truth when he said as much as possible is being brought into the country to save the increased tariff. This plate will be put upon the market after July 1. It may prevent an increase in price on and for a short time after that date. If there is then no increase that fact will be hearlded as a refutation of arguments that prices would be enhanced by the new tariff. The supply, however, will not last long and when it shall be exhausted we can see the true effect of the tariff. The 10x15 "tin plate manufactory" owned by Mr. Niedring and similar ones to be built by other gentlemen will not be able to supply home consumers with tin, tin, American tin, and these importations will be resumed.

In the meantime the picture man has pointed out the liars and branded them as disseminators of outrageous falsehoods. The "Tin Tin" party should not monkey with the tariff pictures. They are worse than buzz-saws.—*Harrisburg Patriot.*

Chained Her to the Floor.

COVINGTON, Ky., June 1.—A story told by Mollie Ashcroft has set the neighborhood wild and her father has escaped lynching only by fleeing. The family lives on Dry creek, back among the hills. Mollie said there was a mortgage on the small farm and that she and her mother were both working hard, endeavoring to lift the financial load. She was working at a neighboring house and Saturday morning went over to see her mother. When she reached the place she met her father, who was under the influence of liquor, and he warned her not to enter the house, as he had whipped her mother and intended to "finish" her. He also threatened to whip the daughter if she went into the dwelling.

Knowing that her father was drunk, Mollie made no attempt to pass him but, returned by a roundabout way, succeeded in getting into the house by raising a rear window. She went into the front room and there found her mother chained to the floor and unable to move a limb. She was covered with blood and almost unconsious. Her head had been beaten, her face was bruised, and in her struggles the chains had cut into her flesh. Mollie ran to the homes of several neighbors and they hastened to her assistance.

It was learned that Ashcroft and his wife had quarreled about money. Mrs. Ashcroft wanted to apply the money to the payment of the mortgage, while Ashcroft insisted on paying for an old horse. She refused, and he picked up a club and commenced to beat her. He knocked her down and, while she was in an insensible condition, dragged her into the house, took two large chains and chained her to the floor, also gagging her to prevent an outcery. For four days she had been without food or attention. It is supposed she refused to give her husband the money. The latest report says she is dying. Ashcroft will be lynched if he returns.

Did Quay and Delamater Figure on it?

Suppose George Wallace Delamater, of Meadville, had been elected governor of Pennsylvania last fall—would not his indictment for embezzlement be a pretty scandal now?

But the chances are that if he had been elected the rich protected monopolists of the Republican party in Pennsylvania would have been committed, for the sake of the party, to make up a purse of a million to pay Delamater's debts. Who can say that this did not enter into Delamater's calculation in seeking the nomination, and into Quay's in securing it for him?"

The Republican money-bags probably now congratulate themselves on his defeat; but they and their party cannot escape moral responsibility for him. If they did not select him, they certainly tried to do so, and the failure was due to the revolt of the plain honest people and not to any virtue in the leaders and purseholders of the party.

Rescued From Villians.

PITTSBURG, May 31.—Pretty Mollie Hanlon attended a Decoration Day picnic yesterday at McKee's Rocks and missed the 10 o'clock train for Pittsburg. Two men volunteered to row her across the Ohio to enable her to catch a Fort Wayne train. In the middle of the river they decided to take the girl to Brunot's Island, a lonely isolated place. Mollie wept and pleaded and offered all her money and valuables to the ferrymen. They refused to land her and the frightened girl leaped into the water.

The ruffians dragged her back, but she again threw herself into the water and a made a desperate attempt to drown herself. Again they dragged her into the boat and were proceeding to the island when intercepted by the ferry woman, who heard Mollie's screams, and took the unconscious girl from the men, who were later arrested and are now in jail.

SENATOR SANFORD'S fruit farm in California is the largest in the world. It contains thirty thousand acres, and the grapes raised and the wines made there are famous where Sanford himself is unknown.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Canadian crops have suffered severely from drouth.

—In 1865 the United States had 687 ships on the navy list, the greatest and strongest fleet in its history.

—The recent rains in the northwest have broken the threatened drouth and been beneficial to crops, which promise to be very large this year.

—Lake Ilman, in the government of Novgorod, has been the scene of a terrible hurricane. Nineteen timber vessels were wrecked in the storm, and all of their crews were drowned.

—Aggregating the national, state and county indebtedness, the amount per capcapita in this country shows a decrease from $46.59 in 1880 to $20.46 in 1890, or more than one-half.

—Two hundred farmers living near Peoria, Ill., held a meeting on Saturday and decided to go to the county jail and lynch George Ditch, who assaulted Miss Anna Guber a few days ago, but the sheriff frustrated their plans.

—Edward Mills and wife, of Durham, Bucks county, visited Easton on Sunday, and when they returned home in the evening found their home ransacked and the barn and contents destroyed by fire. There is no clue to the guilty parties.

—The mules of the coal mines, near Evansville, Ind., were hoisted out recently. Some of them had not seen daylight for eight years. The smallest thing frightened them, a flying bird caused them to jump, while upon seeing a dog they would stand and tremble with terror.

—James Sims, a young clerk, shot himself in the street at Pittsburg, on Tuesday morning, in the presence of his sweetheart, Kitty McDermott, because she refused to elope and marry him. The act was evidently premeditated, as he fired two shots at himself. He was dying at the hospital to which he was taken.

—A twenty-five mile bicycle handicap took place at Newark, New Jersey on Saturdy. Sixty-one men started. Murphy's world's record for the distance made over the same course last year in 1 hour, 28 minutes and 29 seconds was broken by A. W. Porter, of Boston, who rode the distance in 1 hour 27 minutes and 11 seconds.

—A whirlwind which occurred at Shell Bluff, Ga., was so severe of such a dry, parching nature that it destroyed between four and five acres of cotton. After the wind passed the cotton weed which before was growing vigorously, would crumble to powder in the hand when touched. The immense cloud of sand and dust raised frightened a good many persons.

—A jury at Spokane, Wash., after being out 24 hours, could not agree, when the Judge ordered them back into the jury room to remain until they reached a verdict. He also instructed the bailiff not to give them anything to eat until they had found a verdict of guilty or not guilty in a highway robbery case. In ten minutes thereafter the jury returned a verdict of guilty.

—Joseph Matuscovitch and Basil Franko on Monday brought suit at Wilkesbarre for $25,000 each for injuries sustained while in the employ of J. C. Hayden & Co., coal operators. These are two of the men who were shut up in the Jeanesville mine, near Hazelton for twenty-one days. They claim through their attorneys, that it was due to carelessness on the part of the operators that the accident occurred to them.

—A colored woman named Arrena Messenburg, died at the home of her granddaughter, Mrs. Peter Davis, at Cadiz, O., at the advanced of 122 years, which is said to be fully sustained by documents in the possession of her descendents. She was born and brought up in slavery, and came to that part of the country seventy years ago with the early settlers from Virginia. She was married three times, and her youngest son, who is 75 years of age, was at her funeral.

—In Mexico is situated the most magnificently constructed railroad in the world This is the Mexican Gulf road, where the ties are made out of the finest mahogany, the bridges built of marble. The waste seems criminal, but the builders are actuated by motives of economy, as they find the mahogany and marble along the track-side. The road has really not cost much to construct, but if the material were appraised at standard prices the total would mount up to millions.

—D. M. Winchester, of Titusville, Crawford county, in the latter part of March discovered that his store was being robbed of goods every night. He and two friends set a trap for the robber in the shape of a loaded gun. The robber, a boy, came, the gun went off and the boy died. The grand jury week before last indicted Winchester and his assistants for manslaughter, and the trial was to come off June 8th, but on Friday afternoon Winchester died at his home in Titusville. Sorrow and worry about the killing of the boy was the cause of his death.

—During the recent cyclone near Centralia, Mo., an eight-year-old son of J. F. Harrison was carried a half mile and a piece of scantling driven through his arm. The child will die. At J. D. Tucher's farm a horse was carried over his dwelling and dashed to death in the field beyond, while the dwelling escaped. The cyclone carried 'Squire Jarman's house fifteen feet into the air. A part of the floor was torn out, and then the house was dashed to the earth and ground to splinters. Mr. Jarman and his wife escaped with severe bruises, and Mr. H. O. Hunt, who was thought to be seriously injured, is in a fair way of recovery.

—Two youthful lovers, Miss Ada Townsend and Elmer Foster, living near Galena, Ill, committed suicide last Sunday night. They had been out for a drive during the evening and returned late. The girl's mother called her at the usual hour in the morning, and receiving no response, broke into the room where the two lovers were found dead, the young man upon the bed and the girl upon the floor, to which she had fallen in her agony. They had taken strychnine which they had hidden for the purpose, the deed having long been contemplated. The girl's father is wealthy and Foster is a farm hand, and it is said her parents opposed the union.

—The Japanese author does not write books. As soon as he reaches the indispensable minimum of ideas, he shuts himself in his study, brightened slightly by a soft light from a four-cornered white paper lantern. He has before him a polished table, one foot high, on which he has his idyllic writing materials. The paper is of an agreeable yellow, and is marked with perpendicular and horizontal blue lines. His ink is held in a rich ebony plate, elaborately carved, and with a depression in which the black tablets are rubbed to nothing. The plate carries also five bamboo brushes, which serve as pens. With the aid of these implements the novel is "painted."

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE PEOPLE'S STORE,

FIFTH AVE., PITTSBURG.

The Largest and Most Complete Store !

We have opened a new department of MEN'S, MISSES', CHILDREN'S AND BOYS' FINE SHOES.

This is the only store in the two cities where ladies can buy every known article of wearing apparel under one roof and by so doing

Save Money, Time & Trouble.

Ladies, you can be fitted out ELEGANTLY, STYLISHLY AND ECONOMICALLY from the sole of your foot to the crown of the head without leaving the shelter of our roof.

Our Perfect Mail Order Department.

Established for the benefit of ladies who find it impossible to visit the city. The same prices as if you bought over the counter.

Write and Try.

Samples of goods cheerfully and promptly sent and information on any subject connected with dry goods. We invite your correspondence.

CAMPBELL - & - DICK,

83, 85, 87 and 89 FIFTH AVENUE.

Best and Cheapest.

We now have the largest and best selected stock of Men's, and Boys' Clothing in the county. Our Spring Stock is now complete. We have the best selection of

Gents' Furnishing Goods

in the county. Also, all the nobby styles of Hats in the Market. Our motto is "Good Goods and Low Prices." It will pay you to come and see us as we can and will save you money.

Very Respectfully,

C A SHARBAUGH,

CARROLLTOWN, PENN'A

If You Want the News,

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Only $1.50 Per Year.

Eckenrode - & - Hoppel,

—DEALERS IN—

General : Merchandise,

CLOTHING, FLOUR FEED,

Lumber and Shingles. We keep our Stock always Full and Complete. Give us a Call.

Eckenrode & Hoppel,

CARROLLTOWN, PA.

Our Enormous Spring Stock of Carpets.

Foster s are now fully prepared to meet the demands of such of their housekeeper friends as contemplate making the improvements in their homes that Spring always suggests. And in this connection let the fact be recorded that they show as Grand, Varied and Excellent a Stock of

Carpets of Every Kind

and description as can be seen in the larger cities. And behind this very desirable state of affairs stands the even more important particular, THE PRICE.

Also, BEAUTIFUL VARIETY OF CURTAINS AND DRAPERIES. New Spring Styles of Dress Goods and Trimmings now ready.

ANDREW FOSTER,

247 & 249 MAIN STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA

SHOES !

GREATEST BARGAINS EVER OFFERED IN EBENSBURG IN

Men's, Boys', Ladies', Misses'

and Children's Shoes, Oxford Ties and Slippers.

Also, a full line of Hats and Caps, Ties and Scarfs, Underwear, Hosiery, Gloves and Shirts of all descriptions.

J. D. LUCAS,

Opposite Cambia House. EBENSBURG, PENNA.

EMORY'S LITTLE CATHARTIC PILLS are prepared from MAY-APPLE

EMORY'S LITTLE CATHARTIC PILLS are the BEST EVER MADE for Costiveness, Indigestion, Headache. One good dose of three or four Emory's Little Cathartic Pills, followed by one pill every night for a week or two, makes the human machinery run as regular as clock work; they purify the blood and put new life in a broken-down body. Purely Vegetable, Harmless, Pleasant, Infallible, the youngest child may take them. Sold by all Druggists and Medicine Dealers at 25 Cts. a Box, or by mail.

STANDARD CURE CO., Proprietors, 197 Pearl St., N. Y.

Emory's Little Cathartic are more than is claimed: they prove to be the best Pill ever used here. Worth twice the money asked.—"W. H. GOSER, Harmony Grove, Ga.—Emory's Little Cathartic are the most popular of all the Cathartics.—WM. BISHOP, Mills River, N. C.—My aged mother used one box with wonderful results.—N. W. BAKER, Locust Grove, Ohio.—I recommend them.—JOHN COLLINS, M. D., Athens, Texas.—They are excellent.—R. BERON, Jackson, Miss.—They are unexcelled.—Mrs. ELIZABETH KEYSER, Moberly, Mo.

MALARIA In all its forms positively cured with Emory's Standard Cure Pills, a never-failing remedy; they contain no Quinine, Mercury, or poison of any kind. Endorsed by physicians and sold by druggists everywhere, or by mail. 25 Cents a Box. STANDARD CURE CO., New York.

LADIES!

Are you reckless enough to venture two cents in stamps to the Monk Publishing Co., 508 and 510 Washington Street, New York, for one of their beautiful illustrated "Ladies' Books." It is a novel, unique and interesting work to every person of refinement.

On receipt of ten cents in stamps they will send postpaid a full set of their handsome bold game VERDI.

For ten cents they will also send a book containing complete words of "The Mikado," and many of its most popular songs, together with two beautiful chromo cards.

QUINEPTUS!

A very pleasing, harmless glycerinated aromatic compound for disguising the taste of castor oil and other bitter drugs, either solid or fluid. Price, 25 Cents per Pint Bottle. Prescribed by all leading physicians in Europe and America. Many druggists companies every bottle. For Sale by Druggists.

Manufactured by

The Academic Pharmaceutic Co.,

LONDON AND NEW YORK.

532—536 WASHINGTON ST., NEW YORK CITY.

ROYAL VR ELIXIR.

An elegant English pharmaceutical preparation for bilious, malarial and blood troubles, the result of over twenty-five years of careful and scientific research.

Approved by the highest medical authorities. In use in the hospitals in every part of the world. Especially hospful to ladies, children and people of sedentary habits.

Entirely vegetable; free from harmful drugs.

In Handsome Packages, Price 50 Cts.

Prepared solely by

The Royal Pharmaceutic Co.

LONDON AND NEW YORK.

Chemists by appointment to Her Majesty the Queen and to the Royal Family.

NEW YORK BRANCH:

180, 182, 184 Charlton St.

ROYAL PILLS.

Same medicinal properties as Royal Elixir, in boxes, 30 pills to box, for 25 cents.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

REMEMBER THE BIG FOUR!

Vinegar Bitters CORD.AL, 1 ounce, 5 cents; 1 pint, 50 cts.

Vinegar Bitters POWDERS, 50 doses, 50c.

Vinegar Bitters, new style, 1 pint, $1.00.

Vinegar Bitters, old style, bitter taste, $1.00.

The World's Great Blood Purifier and Life Giving Principle.

Only Temperance Bitters Known.

The past fifty of a Century the Leading Family Medicine of the World

R. H. McDonald Drug Co., Proprietors, SAN FRANCISCO AND NEW YORK.

TWO LETTERS

One of them is from the Intelligent Citizen County commissioner of Berks county, under date of Jan. 30th, as follows:

"Additional evidence had come to hand, unsolicited by me, in favor of Dr. Baugh's Phosphate, and almost everybody seems to be using it, and almost everybody is using it in preference to other seeds."

DISSOLVED ROCK

or ACID PHOSPHATE is not a complete manure, and when used alone it will impoverish the soil. It is valuable only for its Soluble Phosphatic Acid, and contains no Ammonia. It is often called "Vitalized Bone," "Mineral Bone," "Fossil Bone," etc.

Extract from a Lancaster County letter received January 27th:

"Farmers here indorse the value of BAUGH'S $25 PHOSPHATE, as being the best for the on grass and for the permanent improvement of the soil."

BAUGH & SONS

SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED

Baugh's $25 Phosphate

Established 1850. PHILADELPHIA, PA

GENUINE MERIT IS SURE TO WIN.

We believe the RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE has real, genuine merit. It is this faith which has led us to put our money out liberally. We have put more into it than money could not buy the fair name we have gained by twenty years of honorable business dealing right here on Market St., Philadelphia, and yet so great is our faith in the Russian Rheumatism Cure that we are willing to stake the reputation of it as a safe, speedy and permanent cure for all Rheumatic troubles. Could we offer any better guaranty of good faith? Others besides ourselves have tested its merits, and all their hearty and unequivocal endorsement.

We send to all who ask it a pamphlet containing much of such testimony. And yet if you have Rheumatism why suffer one day longer than is necessary. It costs only $2.50 to be cured, and while you are making up your mind to try it you might be made well. The

RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE

has saved every Rheumatic sufferer who has given it a fair trial. It is for you to decide whether or not it shall cure you.

Price $2.50. If mailed, 10c additional. If registered, 30c. more.

One box does the business.

None Genuine without this Trade-Mark.

as yet it is not to be found at the stores, but can only be had by enclosing the amount as above, and addressing the American proprietors,

PFAELZER BROS. & CO.

819-821 Market Street, Philadelphia.

I CURE FITS!

When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE.

I have made the disease of

FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS,

A life-long study. I WARRANT my remedy to CURE the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address

H. G. ROOT, M.C., 183 PEARL ST., NEW YORK

MONEY

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY, - - - JUNE 5, 1891.

NOTICE.

From and after this date no advertising matter will be inserted among our local items. All reading notices will be inserted in our advertising columns under the head of "Miscellaneous Notices." This does not apply to unexpired contracts which will be completed, but no new contracts for the insertion of advertising among reading matter will be entered into.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Go to the primaries on Saturday.

—A good cow for sale. Inquire at this office.

—Thirty-five men were naturalized in Court on Monday.

—A ball was held in the opera house on Saturday evening.

—Mr. A. Leap, of Nicktown, was a visitor to our office on Monday.

—One 18 tooth spring tooth harrow for sale cheap at Dufton's hardware store.

—The Grand Jury completed their work and were discharged on Wednesday evening.

—The FREEMAN office is the place to get your job printing. Good work at low prices.

—Mr. Albert J. Nagle, of Clearfield township, was a visitor to Ebensburg on Monday.

—Fayette county people laid the corner-stone of a new court house at Uniontown on Monday.

—Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bearer, of Carroll township, were visiting friends in Ebensburg on Saturday.

—The attendance at Court this week was small and the cases, as a general thing, of a trifling character.

—Mr. James Burke, of Summerhill township, an old friend of the FREEMAN, was in town on Tuesday.

—Messrs. O'Hara, Luther & Davis, liverymen of this place, lost a valuable horse by death on Saturday evening.

—A well is being drilled in Lloyd's cemetery for the purpose of furnishing water for watering flowers and other purposes.

—Mr. James McNeelis, one of Hastings' enterprising citizens and a reader of the FREEMAN, was a caller at our office on Monday.

—Mr. Gotlieb Pfeister, of Cresson, who is engaged in merchandizing at the new town of Kilkenny, was a visitor to our town on Wednesday.

—Mr. John Powers, an old-time resident of Ebensburg, but for several years past a citizen of Upper Washington township, dropped in to see us on Monday.

—Messrs. Henry Dumm and Frank Krug, of this place, have been awarded the contract for the carpenter work on the new hospital building at the almshouse.

—The National Guard of Pennsylvania will get $57,342 from the United States Government. This distribution of money is made on the basis of Congressional representation, and the funds will be available on July 1st.

—Many of the Berks county farmers have found that potatoes are the most profitable crop that can be raised. Many of them realized $135 per acre for their last year's crop of potatoes, whereas wheat yielded them only $20 to $25.

—School directors elected next year will have to take an oath. The present legislature enacted the law. The new law does not effect the present directors elected in February last.

—A valuable trotting horse owned by Edward Rytheway, of near Crab Tree, Westmoreland county, was stolen on Sunday night from a pasture field. There is a clue to the thief.

—Scott Ross, formerly of Blacklick township, this county, died at his home in Youngstown, Indiana county, on Friday last. The deceased was about thirty-five years of age and his remains were in interred at Bolsano on Sunday.

—County Treasurer C. J. Mayer is sending out notices to those subject to pay a mercantile tax that the same is now due and payable. The law makes it the duty of the County Treasurer to bring suit against all parties who do not lift their license on or before the first of July.

—On the 4th of July the Ebensburg Agricultural Association will open up their grounds with a grand picnic. We have not yet learned the program but we understand there will be races of every description, horses, foot races, etc., along with everything else that go to make up a picnic.

—John Kirss, a nine-year-old Hungarian boy, whose home is in Sixteenth ward, Johnstown, was struck by a shifting engine while playing on the railroad track on Monday evening and so badly injured that it is believed he cannot recover. He was taken to the Cambria Hospital for treatment.

—Samuel Johns, of Johnstown, while out hunting on Saturday, in getting over a fence, placed his right hand over the muzzle of the gun to support himself, when the gun was discharged, the ball passing through the hand, causing a wound which necessitated the amputation of the second finger.

—On Sunday evening, while Mr. Barney Dexter, his wife and five children, of Conemaugh township, Westmoreland county, were on their home from a visit to Mrs. Dexter's parents, near Madison, their horse took fright and ran away, throwing the out of their carriage and injuring them all badly. It is feared that a little daughter, aged about five years, will die. The carriage was demolished.

—Charles McFadden, of Philadelphia, the contract for building the railroad from Kaylor's station to Walnut Run in Cambria township. Only six miles of road, commencing at Kaylor's station will be built at present, although the work on the balance of the road may be commenced at any time. Mr. McFadden was in town to-day (Thursday) making arrangements to commence work on the road next week.

—Robert Kinkead, who claims Somerset as his abiding place, got too full for utterance on Monday evening and was locked in the "bears nest" until the next morning to sober up. On Wednesday Robert was again found lying around loose and was given a room to himself in the same manner. Robert is evidently accustomed to doing his drinking where the bars are few and far between and when he gets in Cambria with the bridle off he is liberty mad.

—W. Moore, of Greensburg, and his attorney, A. M. Sloan, met Judge Barker, of Ebensburg, here on Friday. The meeting was for the purpose of completing the purchase of coal lands on Tearing Run from J. M. Guthrie. There appears to be a defect in the title which Mr. Moore desires fixed before he pays the purchase money. Thus far the titles to the land have not been perfected to Mr. Moore's satisfaction, but it is hoped that it will be before long.—*Indiana Messenger.*

—Elmer E. Moore an Altoona carpenter, for about twenty-six years started for Ebensburg on Sunday last with the intention of looking for work. Being unsuccessful he started to return on a freight train but had got as far as Johnstown, on Monday evening, when a sudden jolting of the train threw him off, his right leg being cast under the wheels and ground to a pulp. He was taken to the hospital where the injured leg was amputated between the knee and the ankle. He is doing as well as could be expected.

—Barb wire and wire nails cheap at Dufton & Son's.

—Clement's show went to pieces in Johnstown last week owing to a lack of patronage.

—On Monday night a portable steam saw mill, situated on the farm of Scott Roberts, in Cambria township, belonging to Mr. Oliver Evans, of the same township, caught fire and was burned. We have not learned the amount of Mr. Evans' loss, but we understand the engine and boiler with some of the machinery is not a total loss but can be repaired. Mr. Evans also lost his books which cannot, however, be replaced as they contained many accounts that will be extremely difficult to settle without them.

—Joe Jacko, an Italian from Johnstown has been in jail for some time charged with the murder of his wife who died a short time ago in that city under suspicious circumstances. He was discharged on Thursday, there being insufficient evidence to hold him. Loege Butaria, a relative of his deceased wife had possession of his four year old daughter, Mary T. Jacko, and was here with the little girl in attendance at court. After his discharge Jacko demanded the little girl but Butaria refused to give her up and started away with her on the 3 35 p. m. train. Jacko had a writ of *habeas corpus* issued after the train left and Deputy Sheriff Young started to Wilmore to capture the child who, with Butaria, is supposed to be on the west-bound train.

—A use has at last been discovered for the Somerset dog. In a case of larceny by bailee tried at the late session of our court, the plaintiff claimed that the defendant had appropriated an overcoat, a dress coat, a pair of sleeve buttons, an ax and a pup, placed in the defendant's hands for safe keeping. The defendant's wife being on the stand accounted for each item seriatim, claiming a set-off in every case; told how she had cut up one of the coats to make a jacket for her boy; had kept the sleeve buttons, valued at twenty-five cents, because the plaintiff had borrowed fifty cents from her when he was married, and so on down to the pup. Counsel then asked: "Well, what did you do with him?" The reply was, "We sold the pup for a dollar to go to the circus." If a bull-pup can purchase such bliss let not another word be said against dogs.—*Somerset Herald.*

—A new fish law relating to bass, pike and pickerel has passed both Houses of the Legislature. It reads: "No person shall catch or kill, in any of the rivers, waters or streams of this Commonwealth any black bass or wall-eyed pike under six inches in length under a penalty of $10 for every fish so caught. But should any fish be taken of less size than the above, or should any wall-eyed pike or rock bass of any size be taken from the waters in which they have been introduced within two years from the passage of this act, it shall be the duty of anyone taking or capturing the same to return the fish immediately to water from whence taken, and no person shall by any means or device whatsoever catch or kill in any of the rivers of this state any pike or pickerel between the first day of February and the first day of June of any year. Any violation of this section shall subject the offenders to a penalty of $10 for each and every fish caught." The section of the fish laws relating to carp, reads: "No person shall catch, kill or remove in any manner German carp of any age or size during the month of May, June, July or August, under a penalty of $5 for each fish."

—The erection of marble is the last wkor of respect to the memory of departed friends, and is a custom which has been followed from the earliest ages of antiquity. For many years J. Wilkinson & Son have been in the marble business in Ebensburg and through their energy and honorable dealings, they have built for themselves a reputation for doing their work in a most artistic manner. Their work is an ornament to the town as well as a credit to themselves. We are giving them no more notoriety than they deserve, and to prove our assertion, go to their establishment and see for yourself. They take pleasure in showing their work, whether you wish to purchase or not. They have on exhibition at their works two car-loads of monuments and headstones, and in April and May will receive two car-loads more. They will then have a large assortment of the latest styles for customers to select from. They have arrangements made with wholesale granite dealers so that they can fill all orders for granite monuments and headstones in a short time and as cheap as can be done anywhere. They buy their stock in such large quantities that they defy competition. They also have the agency for the Champion Iron Company and are prepared to furnish all kinds of fencing or anything in iron. Persons wishing to purchase anything in their line of business would do well to give them a call before leaving their order with any other manufacturer, as they have as fine, if not the finest stock of marble that ever came to Western Pennsylvania. Give them a trial and you can depend upon getting a good job at a fair price.

Memorial Day.

Last Saturday was Memorial Day and the program, as published in last week's FREEMAN, was followed out to the letter. There were a great many strangers in town and it was observed that more people were here on Saturday than have been in town on any day for some time.

The weather was fine until about two o'clock when a rain that had been threatening commenced falling and compelled the large crowd who, at the time were listening to the oration of General Robert A. McCoy, in front of the Court House, to seek shelter. General McCoy, who commenced speaking from the platform of the Court House steps finished his address in the corridor of the building and many of the audience who were eagerly listening to his eloquent description of the stirring scenes during the war sought shelter wherever they could find it and were sadly disappointed at missing the closing portion of his address. All who heard the address were highly pleased and during the day many of General McCoy's old time friends and comrades in arms called on him and paid their respects. After the address those having charge of the decorating ceremonies repaired to the several cemeteries and decorated the last resting places of the fallen braves.

The Race Track.

The race track on the grounds of the Ebensburg Agricultural Society is now about completed, although there will be work done on it for some time yet such as filling up and rolling any unevenness that may appear. On Tuesday evening Mr. John Lloyd, president of the Society, announced that the track was ready for driving upon and a number of our citizens who have horses availed themselves of the privilege of speeding their stock on what is said to be one of the best tracks in the state. The track is one-half mile in length perfectly level and the ground is naturally well suited to making a good track for traveling on.

We are informed that a professional veterinary surgeon and trainer is in correspondence with the Directors of the Society with a view of coming here during the season with a number of valuable horses and using the track for the purpose of developing their speed. Should the Society be successful in securing a good trainer, the Ebensburg track will likely be the academy in which some fast steppers will begin their education, and we will all have an opportunity during the summer of witnessing the speed of some high-class flyers.

Sheriffs Sales.

On Monday Sheriff Stineman disposed of the following properties at Sheriff sale.

The interest of Andrew Noel in twenty acres of land in Elder township was sold to Mr. Leisinring for $50.

The interest of Elizabeth McMillen and J. C. McMillen in a lot of ground in Morrellville was sold to W. P. Reese for $325.

The interest of Samuel Brallier in three tracts of land comprising respectively 70, 125 and 72 acres were sold for $725, $500 and $500 respectively to John Thomas & Sons.

The interest of Joseph and Mary Meresy in a lot of ground in Sixteenth ward, Johnstown, was sold to Jacob Zimmerman for $40.

The interest of James Marshall in a lot of ground in Fourteenth ward, Johnstown, was sold to M. Rose for $10.

The interest of Eveline and A. A. Oxward in three lots of ground in Moxham was sold to John J. Fopperday for $2,600.

The interest of John Donovan in 40 acres of land in Clearfield township was sold to Michael Sherry for $40.

The interest of D. Wilhelm in two lots in Washington township, was sold to F. A. Thompson for $1,025.

The interest of D. Wilhelm in a lot in Lilly, was sold to Israel Keith for $60.

The interest of John G. Kring in 124 acres in Adams township was sold to Israel Kring for $850.

The interest of William O'Hara in a lot of ground in Chest Springs was sold to W. W. Dunmire for $50.

The interest of J. C. Moorhead & Co., in 46 acres of land in Summerhill township was sold to Adolph Ream for $1000.

The sale of the properties of Peter McNeil, of Gallitzin, and Frederick Schneider, of Washington township, was postponed until next Monday June 8th.

A Literary Sensation.

Since the departure of Amelie Rives-Chanler from this country almost immediately after her marriage, we have had only brief newspaper paragraphs concerning her life and literary intentions. Not a little curiosity has been displayed as to the possibility of her complete withdrawal from the field of letters. It is now nearly three years since anything of importance has appeared from her pen, but no one has believed that the exceptionally brilliant author of "A Brother to Dragons" had finished her career as a writer. A recent paragraph in the daily papers announced the fact that Mrs. Rives-Chanler was hard at work upon a new novel destined to arouse the entire literary world by its artistic merit and bold originality. There have been many conjectures advanced as to the probable source through which the new novel would be given to the public. Notwithstanding the high prices which Mrs. Chanler demands for her manuscripts, it was known that many publishers were in the field in competition for her latest work. While many rumors were afloat, the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* had quietly secured it and placed in the hands of a famous Paris artist for illustration. It is announced now that the first chapters will appear in the August number of the *Cosmopolitan*, and that, in the estimation of critics who are most competent to judge, this last story will be the most finished, as well as interesting, product of this versatile Southern pen. The story is likely to be the literary sensation of the year. Its publication in the *Cosmopolitan* is a guarantee that it will contain nothing of the kind that excited criticism in Amelie Rives' earlier productions.

The Enemy in Ambush.

Everyone knows that at this season of the year disease lies in ambush, ever ready to pounce and prey upon the weak. And any fair minded physician will tell you that the only safeguard lies in keeping the system thoroughly keyed up by the use (not abuse) of a reliable stimulant. Hundreds of tonics are advertised for this purpose, but experience shows that a pure rye whiskey is the only one to be depended upon. Max Klein's "Silver Age" and "Duquesne" brands are sold under a sworn guarantee of absolute purity; an affidavit accompanies each bottle. "Silver Age" sells for $1.50 and "Duquesne" at $1.25 per full quart bottle. The difference in age makes the difference in price—both brands are warranted to be unadulterated.

You can get Guckenheimer, Finch, Gibson, or Overholt from Mr. Klein at $1.00 per quart, or six quarts for $5.00. His stock of wines, brandies, gins, etc., is acknowledged to be the largest and choicest in the state. Goods shipped to all parts of the United States. Send for catalogue and price list mentioning this paper. MAX KLEIN, 82 Federal street, Allegheny, Pa.

Items From Wilmore.

WILMORE, Pa., Pa., June 2nd, 1891.

Editor Cambria Freeman:

SIR:—Mrs. Catharine Connolly, of Summerhill township, relict of Brian Connolly, died on on Monday at the age of 75 years. She was the mother of a large family, and had lived on the farm where she died for nearly fifty years. The funeral took place in the Catholic cemetery at Wilmore on Thursday.

The banns of matrimony were proclaimed on Sunday last in St. Bartholomew's church, Wilmore, between Mr. John J. McDonnell and Miss Maggie O'Toole, both of Portage.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Kennedy, of Freeport, Pa., mourn the death on Monday of of last week of their bright three-year-old son, Paul. Their many relatives and friends in this county will heartily sympathize with them in their first and sad bereavement.

The prospects for a large crop of fruit in Summerhill township were never better than now. The present favorable weather is pushing the grain crops forward amazingly. J. M.

P. R. R. Route Book.

The Pennsylvania Railroad's Summer Excursion Route Book for the season of 1891, just from the press, is undoubtedly one of the most elaborate reference compendiums issued by any railroad company in the world. The company this year has used new illustrations, printed on a very high grade of paper, while a decided departure from the old cover heretofore binding the work is seen in the new one, which is beautifully illuminated, and would do credit to a Rosi, so cleverly French is it in every detail. The new map embraces a territory from Canada to the Carolinas, and from the British possession of New Brunswick to the great Inland Lakes. When comparison is made with this volume of 272 pages, 100 illustrations, and over 1,500 routes, a book which enters its year of manhood the first day of June, 1891, and the tiny pamphlet of 24 pages and 63 routes issued by the Pennsylvania Railroad twenty-one years ago, and considered at that time a great departure in railroad advertising, the growth is hardly credible.

Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, June 3d, 1891:

Samuel F. Crouse and Flora Stremel, Johnstown.

George E. McMullen and Bridget E. Donahoe, Gallitzin.

William H. Karns and Rose Roberts, Johnstown.

Jacob Mueller, Johnstown, Agusta M. Shaffer, Brownstown.

Edward McGuire Cummings and Sadie J. Blair, Johnstown.

F. C. Houghton, Johnstown, and Lydia B. Statler, Morrellville.

John Rickard, White township, and Annie Weakland, Dean township.

Robert A. Campbell and Mary Weakland, Dean township.

John J. Reffner, Cresson, and Mary Cronaner, Gallitzin.

George Miller and Mary Dietz, Johnstown.

Edward W. Edwards and India Leslie, Morrellville.

—Wall paper.—Embossed bronze papers, 12 to 15 cents per roll; grounded white back, 5 cents, at Dufton & Son's.

Court Proceedings.

Court met on Monday at 10 o'clock with Judge Barker on the bench.

M. J. Kirsh, of Barr township, was appointed foreman of the grand jury.

July 6 was fixed as the time for holding the next Argument Court.

Commonwealth vs. Eliza Donnelly, surety of the peace. *Nol pros.* entered the costs to be paid by the county the defendant having been sent to Dixmont.

Commonwealth vs. James McMichaels, surety of the peace. *Nol. pros*, entered.

Commonwealth vs. Newt Devine, surety of the peace. The court after hearing the case divided the costs between the defendant and Rosa Semple the prosecutrix.

Commonwealth vs. Michael Cenway, John Loradlich and Jacob Albrecht, selling liquor to minors. Defendants plead guilty. Not sentenced.

Commonwealth vs. Charles and Augusta Huber, obstructing a public road. Jury find defendants not guilty but that they pay one-half the costs and Jacob Kirkpatrick the prosecutor the other half.

Commonwealth vs. John Kuntz, maintaing, permitting and encouraging a cock-fighting. Jury find defendant not guilty but that he pay the costs.

Ben Cooper, John Best, Fred Brehm and William Tantlinger were all charged with the same offense and agreed to abide with the verdict of the jury in the Kuntz case. They were all accordingly sentenced to pay the costs.

Commonwealth vs. William Peters, larceny. Jury find defendant not guilty.

Commonwealth vs. William Moley, fornix et cet. Defendant plead guilty and usual sentence was imposed.

Commonwealth vs. J. E. Terrell, throwing stone through a store window. Defendant plead guilty. Not sentenced.

Commonwealth vs. Jack Sweeny, carrying concealed weapons. Defendant plead guilty.

Commonwealth vs. Harry Goughnour, surety of the peace. Sentenced to enter into reconizance in the sum of $100 to keep the peace.

Commonwealth vs. William Acken, surety of the peace. Discharged on payment of costs.

Commonwealth vs. Lee Trawatha, fornix et cet. Jury find defendant guilty. The usual sentence imposed.

The cases of Eliza A. Graham, vs. J. B. Keagy; William Bowman vs. Henry Barnhart, and Plack and Glunt vs. Charles E. Troxell on next week's list were continued.

Commonwealth vs. Ellen Wiserman and Newton Devine, larceny. Jury find defendants not guilty.

The Grand Jury ignored the bills in all the cases against voters in East Taylor township, for voting out of their proper district and against John Leonard charged with larceny.

In the case of the Commonwealth vs. the election board of East Taylor township, the District Attorney entered a *nol pros.*

Commonwealth vs. P. B. Kerin, carrying concealed weapons and pointing a pistol. After the case had gone to trial the defendant withdrew his plea of not guilty and entered a plea of guilty of carrying concealed weapons and the District Attorney entered a *nol pros* as to the count charging pointing a pistol. Not sentenced.

Commonwealth vs. Martha Word, assault and battery. Jury find defendant not guilty and the county pay the costs.

Commonwealth vs. Benjamin Dunlap, malicious mischief. Not a true bill and the prosecutor Michael Scringes, to pay the costs.

Commonwealth vs. J. F. W. Ebey, assault and battery. Jury find defendant not guilty and the prosecutor Catharine McClosky pay the costs.

Commonwealth vs. Theodore Barker, larceny. Jury find defendant not guilty.

Commonwealth vs' Isaac Shaffer and Edward Anne, breaking into railroad car. Jury find defendants not guilty.

Commonwealth vs. Samuel Duff and Mike Reckles, riot. On trial.

Decoration Day at St. Augustine.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Pa., June 1, 1891.

Editor Cambria Freeman:

SIR:—Decoration Day has come and gone. The Grand Army Post at Ashville visited St. Augustine and Chest Springs for the purpose of paying the usual tribute to the memory of our fallen heroes who sleep their last sleep in the above named cemeteries. They were accompanied by an excellent brass band and the Sons of Veterans from Baker's Mines. They reached St. Augustine about eleven o'clock when a High Mass of Requim was offered up for the benfit of the deceased soldiers. The members of the committee decorated the graves of the following named soldiers: Thomas Adams, Stanislaus Wharton, John Nagle, James Maloney, Jacob Wills, Cornelius Donohoe, Joseph Adams, John Burgoon, Joseph Cramer, Thomas Burns, Augustine Wills, Henry Krise, William H. Ryan, Andrew Callahan, James McClosky, Peter Cassiday, Michael McDermitt, Lewis McDermitt, Evaristus Wilts and Arthur J. McConnell. After the decoration was concluded, the veterans and citizens present marched to the spacious temperence hall, where a warm welcome was given to the soldiers and citizens by the patriotic pastor of the St. Augustine church, Rev. H. McEvoy. The orator of the day, Dr. J. B. Noonan, came forward and in a brief speech, overflowing with patriotism, eulogized the soldiers of the republic for maintaining an asylum to which the oppressed of all lands could come and enjoy the blessings of civil and religious liberty. This brought Rev. Father McEvoy before the audience again, who, with touching eloquence and touching pathos, pointed out the crowning fruits of the discovery of America by the Catholic navigator, Christopher Columbus. I am sorry that space does not permit me to give his speech, suffice to say it was worthy of the author and the subject in an eminent degree. The adjutant of the post was next called forward and in a five-minute speech showed the significance and grandeur of the American flag. The Samoan episode and the more recent difficulty with Italy were given as illustrations of what respect was accorded it by the great European powers.

After this short speech the column marched to Chest Springs for dinner, after which they proceeded to the cemetery and decorated the graves of Dr. W. H. Sloan, Frederick Hart, Lewis Mart, George Brown, Dr. James Bell and James Longwell. The orators here were Comrade J. C. Sauers and Mr. Williams. The former gentleman is unsurpassed as a speaker and has few superiors. Mr. Williams is also an able speaker, but rain prevented him from making his speech. The rain soon dispersed the large crowd assembled here. Every part of the program was carried out and all returned to their homes well pleased with the exercises. SPECTATOR.

Not Our Girls.

Two Cambria county officers followed Allen's show to this place from Ebensburg last week on the hunt of two girls aged respectively thirteen and fourteen years who had been enticed from their homes by some attaches of the show. Failing to find them in tails place they followed the show to Roaring Spring, but with what success we are not informed. —*Hollidaysburg, Standard*

From the best information we can obtain there are, or were no girls missing from this neighborhood after the departure of Allen's show from this place on the 23rd of May. The *Standard* is evidently mistaken as to the locality.

—For sale or rent, the Loretto House, Loretto, Pa. A large stable and all necessary outbuildings and gardens in good order. Address, Lorette, Pa.

Miscellaneous Notices.

—John H. Eckenrode, of Allegheny township, will offer at public sale at his residence adjoining the borough of Loretto, on Saturday, June 6th, 1891, at two o'clock, P. M., two work horses, 1 two-horse wagon with double bed, 1 two-horse sled, 1 harrow, 1 shovel plow, 1 hay rigging, 2 sets work harness, collars, bridles, saddles, side saddle, chains, swingle trees, grain cradle, rakes, forks, shovels, fly nets and a variety of other articles.

—For neat and cheap job printing try this office.

Assignee's Sale
—OF VALUABLE—
FARMING
—AND—
Coal Land.

BY virtue of an order issuing out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, the undersigned assignee of Thomas Donahoe will expose to public sale on

MONDAY, JULY 6TH, 1891,

At the Court House,

in Ebensburg, Pa., the following described Real Estate, viz:

All that certain piece or tract of land situate partly in the township of Washington and Portage Cambria county, adjoining lands of James C. Brawley, John Brady's estate, Owen Ingoldsby and others, containing

148 Acres,

and having thereon erected a PLANK HOUSE, HAY SHED and all other necessary outbuildings. The above land is underlaid with

VALUABLE COAL SEAMS

The Coal and Minerals will be offered separately from the Surface, and the Surface, Coal and Minerals will also be offered as a whole, and sold in the way in which the best price can be attained. Clear of all encumbrance.

TERMS OF SALE:

One-third of the purchase money to be paid on the confirmation of sale and the balance in two equal annual payments, with interest, secured upon the premises. JOHN J. McDONNELL,
Assignee of Thomas Donahoe.
Portage, Pa., June 5, 1891.

ANNUAL Financial Statement of the Receipts and Expenditures of Ebensburg School District, Cambria county, Pa., for the year ending June 1st, 1891:

RECEIPTS.

Gross amount of tax duplicate for school purposes		$1,559.21
Five per cent. added to delinquent tax-payers		12.51
Total		$1,571.78
Deduct abatements	$ 48.76	
Deduct exonerations	44.79	
Total	$ 93.55	$1,578.23
Total tax receipts		309.75
Cash from former Treasurer		10.00
Tuition from adjoining districts		5.00
From other sources		455.29
State appropriation		
Total receipts		$2,358.27

EXPENDITURES.

Paid teachers	$1,372.00
Paid teachers attending institute	40.25
Paid water rent	15.00
Paid fuel	118.75
Paid janitor	110.50
Paid repairs and scrubbing building	52.85
Paid salary Treasurer	35.89
Paid salary Collector	54.23
Paid salary Secretary	25.00
Returned to Commissioners	1.71
Pad school supplies	50.03
Balance in the treasury	487.06
	$2 358.27

Attest E. C. PASHISH, Secretary. D. D. PRYCE, President.

AUDITORS' REPORT.

We, the undersigned, Auditors of Ebensburg district, Cambria county, having carefully examined the above accounts of the Treasurer, find them correct to the best of our knowledge and belief.

W. H. CONNELL,
F. W. DAVIS,
A. J. WATERS,
Auditors.

June 5, 1891.-3t.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have purchased the following articles at a Sheriff's sale of the property of G. M. Baker, in Carroll township, and that I have left the same with the said G. M. Baker during my pleasure: 1 cook stove and utensils, 1 table, 1 sink, 9 chairs, 1 lounge, 2 beds, 2 lamps, heating stove and pipe, 1 plow 2 cows, 1 colt, one sled, 1 brown mare, 1 gray mare, 1 set double harness 1 set single harness, 1 harrow, 1 buggy, 1 wagon 1 pair wagon ladders, 1 rake, 1 sleigh, 1 hay fork rope and pulleys, 1 grindstone, 1 robe and 1 feed cutter. All persons are hereby notified not to interfere with the same.

O. D. KELLAR.

May 29, 1891. La Jose, Clearfield Co., Pa.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that Thomas Donahoe, of Portage, Cambria county, Pa. by deed of voluntary assignment, has assigned to the undersigned, in trust for the benefit of the creditors of the said Thomas Donahoe. All persons indebted to said Thomas Donahoe are hereby notified to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them, properly authenticated, for settlement to me.

J. J. M'DONNELL,
Assignee of Thomas Donahoe,
Portage, Pa., May 15th, 1891.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Notice is here'y given that letters testamentary on the estate of Catharine J. Mulhollen, late of Croyle township, Cambria county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are notified to make payment without delay, and those having claims will present them, properly authenticated for settlement.

GEORGE C. MULHOLLEN,
Executor of Catharine J. Mulhollen, dec'd,
Croyle township, May 29, 1891.-6t.

HOTELLE GRANDE.

H. J. SHETTIG, PROPRIETOR.

Located at DuBois, Pa., near the B. R. & P. Railway Depot. We always endeavor to furnish the best accommodations to business men, pleasure seekers and boarders. Persons in search of comfort and quiet will find it a desirable place to stop. The Table is unsurpassed and is always supplied with the best the market affords, and all the delicacies of the season. The Bar is supplied with the choicest of pure liquors and cigars and nothing but the best is sold. Special attention given to the care of horses.

H. J. SCHETTIG.

FARM FOR RENT.

The subscriber offers for rent his farm in Munster township, along the line of the Ebensburg & Cresson railroad, about two miles from Cresson. Farm contains about 70 acres, about 60 cleared. Possession given on 1st of April. Call on or address the subscriber at Loretto, Pa.

JAMES NOON.

Feb. 27, 1891.

FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell at private sale pieces of real estate situate in Munster township, Cambria county, Pa., containing respectively sixty six and fifty-five acres and allowance. The property is improved and in good state of cultivation, and will be sold at a reasonable price and upon easy terms. For Fartner particulars call on or address Alvin Evans, Ebensburg, Pa., or

LUKE ROGERS,
December 12, 1890. Loretto, Pa.

FARM FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale the farm formerly owned by Evan K. Bennnett, deceased, in Cambria township, three miles north of Ebensburg. The farm contains 240 acres, about 125 of which are cleared, having thereon a house and barn and a good orchard. For particulars call on or address. EVAN J. BENNETT,
feb13 Ebensburg, Pa.

Wool! Wool!

I want FIVE THOUSAND pounds of Wool—tub washed or unwashed. Very highest prices will be paid, either cash or merchandise.

CARON LEAHEY,
may22 2m. Lilly Station, Cambria Co., Pa.

$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a Year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment at which you can earn that amount. No money for me unless successful as above. Easily and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over $3000 a year each. It is NEW and SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

TO WEAK MEN

Suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, etc., I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure FREE of charge. A splendid medical work, should be read by every man who is nervous and debilitated. Address Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

THE firm doing business at Fallen Timber as NOTLEY & HARTER has been dissolved. Mr. Harter has been succeeded by Michael McNeal and the business will hereafter be conducted by NOTLEY & ENEAL, with whom all accounts must be settled. jun5

H. H. MYERS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Office in Colonade Row, on Centre street.

GEO. M. READE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENNA.
Office on Centre street, near High.

DO you need Job Printing? If so, give the FREEMAN a trial order.

Only Twelve Days

Yet remaining that we will present you with a watch. We have given dozens of them away and they all give entire satisfaction. Don't miss the chance, Come and get one of them. We have about One Hundred on hand yet.

Our stock is growing daily and our prices are going down. You all know that SIMON is the Leader. There is nothing you can't get. Our different departments are all over-stocked with goods, and the fact is we have too much on hand. Therefore, we are endeavoring to make room, and prices are no object in this case. We will only mention a few prices as it is impossible to remember each department.

Ladies! Ladies! Ladies!

We invite all to visit our Dry Goods Department and examine the many new styles and shades of fine Dress Cashmeres we have at present. We can show you twenty-five shades in the above line. Cream, Pearl, Old Rose, Electric Blue, Golden Brown, Lavender, etc., will be sold for the next ten days at 50 and 60 cents, worth 75 cents and $1.00. We keep the largest stock of Dress Challies at 5 and 6 cents per yard. Calicos, Ginghams, Flannels, Muslins, etc., are sold by us at very low prices.

Don't forget to look at our Remnant Counter. When you come to our Furnishing Goods Department you will

Open Your Eyes!

We have over one hundred dozen fine shirts on our counters which we are selling at 38 cents, worth 50 cents. Embroidered Shirts, 50 and 60 cents, worth 75 cents and $1.00. Black Satins, with stripe, for 98 cents, elsewhere at $1.25 and $1.50. Our Stock of Fine Dress Neckwear and Full Dress Shirts can't be beat.

Our Stock of Underwear is now complete.

Our Shoe Department!

The Greatest Bargains we offer every day in Shoes. Well, we are selling good Shoes at almost half price.

Ladies' Fine Dress Shoes, $1.12; Ladies' Fine Dress Shoes, with patent tips, $1.24. Ladies' Fine Dongola Kid Shoes, $1.74. Ladies' Spring Heel Shoes, $1.98.

Men's Fine Dress Shoes, $1.25; $1.25; Men's Fine Calfskin Shoes, $2.48; Men's Fine Kangaroo Shoes, $2.50. Our Great Keystone Shoe, $1.98. We have a tremendous stock of Infants' Fine Dress Shoes, yellow tops, with patent leather.

Hosiery, Gloves & Underwear!

Ladies' Hosiery and Gloves form a special department of our our store.

Ladies' Black Hose from 10 cents up to 50 cents. Ladies' Lisle Thread Hose, from 30 to 50 cents. Children's black hose from 10 cents up to 35 cents.

Ladies' Kid Gloves, buttons, hook or lace, from 68 cents to $1.25.

We have an endless variety of Ladies' Muslin Cambric and Woolen Underwear. Ladies' cross-ribbed Vests, 10, 23 25 up to 45 cents.

Carpets AND Window Blinds

This Department is overloaded with bargains for everybody. Come and examine our goods and prices, and be convinced.

Don't fail to attend our great

CLOTHING SALE.

Now is the time to to buy Clothing at the lowest figures. We have two hundred and fifty Full Black Indigo Grand Army Suits, with two sets of buttons, at $5.50 and $7.50, worth $10.00. Men's Fine Black Dress Suits, $5.50 up to $10.00, worth $10.00 and $12.00. Boys' Fine Black and Blue Worsted Suits, ages from 14 to 18 years, $5.50 up to $9.50, good value for $8.00 and $10.00. Boys' short pants Suits, $1.25 to $1.98, worth $1.75 and $2.50. We have a fine line of Boys' Short Pants at 19 cents.

DRESS PANTS.—We have the largest we ever carried, from $1.25 up to $7.00.

A Special Offering!

We have twenty-five dozen Soft Hats worth $1.00 each which we will sell at 50 cents.

Now don't forget to give each department a call and examine all goods before you purchase. We allow car fare to visitors who purchase goods to the amount of $10.00.

SIMON & CO.,

The Largest and Most Reliable Dealers in Cambria and Blair counties.

GALLITZIN, PA.

B. & B.

This weekly

ANNOUNCEMENT

in these columns we mean only to be a

Plain Statement of Facts

with little or no embellishment. So that, when we announce a special sale of dollar fabrics at 50 cents, the statement may be accepted in entirety without reservation.

More on the subject of

Spring : Dress Goods.

We never before had so many to sell; in fact, these stocks are so large and we've been such liberal buyers that we must, of necessity, be LIBERAL SELLERS.

Choice line of 36-inch

ALL WOOL PLAID SUITINGS

in grey and light brown colorings, 25c., (value 50c.) 50-inch

ALL-WOOL SUITINGS,

plain spring colors and mixtures, 35c. 34-inch

CAMELS HAIR SUITINGS,

plain colors, 45c., and most extensive assortments of every kind of

SPRING WOOLENS

at 50c., 65c., 75c., $1.00; goods that were mostly all bought late and much below regular prices.

An unusual opportunity for buyers of

DRESS GOODS.

Write for Samples.

Write for Catalogue.

BOGGS & BUHL,

115, 117, 119 & 121 Federal St.,

ALLEGHENY, PA.

FOR ARTISTIC

JOB PRINTING

TRY THE FREEMAN.

Announcements.

FOR SHERIFF.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary election.

JAMES MYERS.
Ebensburg, February 25th, 1891.

FOR SHERIFF.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary election.

JOSEPH A. GRAY.
Carrolltown, Pa., March 17th, 1891.

FOR PRESIDENT JUDGE.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination for President Judge of Cambria county, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary election.

JOHN P. LINTON.
Johnstown, Pa., May 1, 1891.

FOR PRESIDENT JUDGE.

I respectfully request the support of the voters at the coming Democratic primary election as a candidate for the nomination for the office of President Judge of the several courts of Cambria county, subject to the rules of said primary election.

W. HORACE ROSE.
Johnstown, Pa., May 5, 1891.

WORTH UNTOLD MILLIONS.

New Parasite Which Is Saving the Orange Groves of California.

"They are not much to look at, but they do their work in good style."

Alexander Crow, entomologist of the state board of horticulture, was looking very closely and with evident satisfaction at what appeared to the naked eye as minute specks of dust on a piece of glass as he made the remark, and passed the glass to a San Francisco Examiner reporter.

"What is it?"

"Let me put this slide under the microscope and then see for yourself."

Under the glass the tiny speck, hardly visible to the naked eye, became a well developed fly, about as large as a horsefly, with two pairs of wings, three pairs of legs and a pair of antennæ. The wings were covered with long, bristly hairs, and the legs terminated each with a pair of pincer-like claws. If small, it was evident that the little fellow was amply prepared to do battle for life.

"It's a fly, sure, but what is it good for?"

"Next to the vedolia, it is, perhaps, the most valuable insect known in California," continued Mr. Crow. "This little fly, for which we have yet no name, but which belongs to the Chaleid family, is the natural foe of what is known as the yellow or San Gabriel scale. Each female will lay probably from fifty to one hundred eggs, and those eggs develop larvæ that feed upon the scale insect. The female is furnished with a sharp stinger-like ovipositer. This she thrusts under a scale insect, and deposits an egg, which hatches into a voracious little grub that, as soon as hatched, proceeds to consume its adopted parent. Under the skin of the scale insect it passes through its metamorphoses, when it eats its way out a fully developed fly, prepared to lay eggs for another generation of yellow scale eaters."

"It is such a little speck. How did you ever discover it?"

"The orange orchards in San Gabriel valley were badly covered with the yellow scale. The foliage was sparse and the fruit almost valueless. Before the fruit could be marketed the growers had to put it in long water troughs and scrub the scale off with brooms, and then it was not clean. So destructive was the pest, in fact, that many orchardists talked of giving up the business. Mr. Coggswell at Sierra Madre had an orchard that was badly infested, and after awhile it began to improve until the trees became clean and the fruit excellent. Other orchards in the vicinity showed signs of improvement, and I began to look for the cause, when close observation showed this little fellow at work. Prof. Coquilette had also discovered it and a study of its habits has shown it to be the natural remedy, and I believe the only remedy, for the destructive yellow scale.

"Why," continued Mr. Crow, becoming enthusiastic, "that minute speck is worth untold millions to this state."

ROMANCE IN COURT.

Story of a Man Who Won in a Lottery but Lost a Bride.

A romantic story was revealed in a Boston court the other day in a contest over the $500,000 estate of the late Samuel Welch, who lived in so many places that the probate judge doesn't know where to locate his legal residence. For years a fine-looking brick house on Elm street, Somerville, has remained untenanted, its windows and doors heavily barred against entrance by anyone except the possessor of the key. All sorts of ghost stories have been conjured up about this house, and everybody who lived in the neighborhood was convinced that the house was haunted. It had that reputation, anyway, and timid women and children always went a block out of their way to avoid passing it at night. The ghost stories vanished in the light of to-day's revelations. That home was built by Mr. Welch years ago with the proceeds of a lottery prize which he had drawn. He was engaged to be married to an estimable young woman, and the wedding day had been appointed. When the intended bride heard that the foundation of his wealth and been laid through a lottery investment she refused to marry him. Mr. Welch immediately barred up the house, which had just been completed, and would never give his consent to its being occupied. He then led a roving life in Massachusetts and New Hampshire, where he passed the greater part of his time. Mayor Pope, of Somerville, was to-day appointed administrator of the estate, which he will distribute among a large number of heirs.

A CAT'S WHISKERS.

They Seem Ornamental, But They Are Decidedly Useful.

Nature is an economical dame, and never indulges in useless gifts. If she gives an animal or plant an appendage of any kind, we may be sure that it serves some wise purpose.

Take a cat's whiskers, for instance, which may seem to you to be merely ornamental. They are organs of touch, attached to a bed of fine glands under the skin, and each of these long hairs is connected with the nerves of the lip. The slightest contact of these whiskers with any surrounding object is thus felt most distinctly by the animal, although the hairs themselves are insensible.

They stand out on one side of the lion as well as the common cat. From point to point they are equal to the width of the animal's body.

If we imagine, therefore, a lion stealing through a covert of wood in an imperfect light, we shall at once see the use of these long hairs. They indicate to him through the nicest feeling any obstacle which may present itself to the passage of his body; they prevent the rustling of boughs and leaves, which would give warning to his prey if he were to attempt to pass too close to a bush; and thus, in conjunction with the soft cushions of his feet and the fur upon which he treads—the claws never coming into contact with the ground—they enable him to move toward his victim with a stillness equal to that of a snake.—South Boston News.

GEORGIA AND ALABAMA.

THE cotton crop of Alabama is valued at $50,000,000.

A SOLID train of seventy-five cars of lumber arrived in Savannah, Ga., recently.

IT is reported that white servants are rapidly replacing colored help in the towns of southwestern Georgia.

WASHINGTON county, Georgia, produces annually 35,000 bales of cotton, worth about $1,500,000. This is one of the largest cotton-producing counties in the state.

THERE are two counties in Georgia that have not a lawyer. They are Echols and Charlton. The returns for 1890 show further that Charlton has neither a doctor nor a dentist.

THE negroes of Terrell county, Ga., are steadily increasing in prosperity and acquiring real estate, for which they have an especial liking. They own some of the best farm lands in the county.

GOV. JONES, of Alabama, has arranged with the state commissioner of agriculture to procure for him trees from all the most notable battlefields of Virginia, to be transplanted to the capitol grounds at Montgomery.

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A building up of the entire system follows the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It's an invigorating, restorative tonic, soothing cordial and bracing nervine — and a certain remedy for all the functional derangements, painful disorders or chronic weaknesses peculiar to women. It improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, melancholy and nervousness, brings refreshing sleep, and restores flesh and strength. For periodical pains, internal inflammation and ulceration, leucorrhea and kindred ailments, it is a positive specific—a *guaranteed* one. If it fails to give satisfaction, in any case, the money paid for it is refunded. No other medicine for women is sold on these terms. With an ordinary medicine, it can't be done.

That's the way its makers prove their faith in it. Contains no alcohol to inebriate; no syrup or sugar to derange digestion; a legitimate *medicine*, not a *beverage*. Purely vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system.

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The following are the principal features of a general banking business:

DEPOSITS
Received payable on demand, and interest bearing certificates issued to time depositors.

LOANS
Extended to customers on favorable terms and approved paper discounted at all times.

COLLECTIONS
Made in the locality and upon all the banking towns in the United States. Charges moderate.

DRAFTS
Issued negotiable in all parts of the United States, and foreign exchange issued on all parts of Europe.

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Of merchants, farmers and others solicited, to whom reasonable accomodation will be extended.

Patrons are assured that all transactions shall be held as strictly private and confidential, and that they will be treated as liberally as good banking rules will permit.

Respectfully,
JOHNSTON, BUCK & CO.

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UNDERTAKER
And Manufacturer & Dealer in
HOME AND CITY MADE
FURNITURE
PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS,
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1794. 1891.
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OLD RELIABLE 'ÆTNA"
And other First Class Companies.
T. W. DICK,
AGENT FOR THE
OLD HARTFORD
FIRE INSURANCE COM'Y.
COMMENCED BUSINESS
1794.
Ebensburg, July 31, 1891.

C. A. LANGBEIN,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in
ALL KINDS of HARNESS,
SADDLES, BRIDLES, WHIPS,
COLLARS HARNESS OILS, BLANKETS,
Robes, Fly Nets, Curry Combs, etc., etc. Repairing Neatly and Promptly done. All work guaranteed to give satisfaction.
☞ Shop Barker's Row on Centre street.
apr12'91f

Valuable Real Estate
FOR SALE!
A LOT of ground in the West ward of the borough of Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa., fronting on Sample street having thereon erected a
FRAME HOUSE
and outbuildings, all in good repair. For terms or particulars call on or address
JOHN NEALAN, Nicktown, Pa., or
M. D. KITTELL, Ebensburg, Pa.

DETROIT SURE GRIP Steel Tackle Block
HALF THE COST of hoisting saved to Storekeepers, Butchers, Farmers, Machinists, Builders, Contractors and OTHERS. Admitted to be the greatest improvement EVER made in tackle blocks. Freight prepaid. Write for catalogue.
FULTON IRON & ENGINE WKS.,
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Established 1852. ma30 90 3y

400 Acres. 38TH YEAR.
SALESMEN WANTED!
To represent one of the Largest Nurseries in the country. We guarantee satisfaction to all customers. No previous experience necessary. Salary and expenses from start. Address, stating age.
HOOPES, BRO. & THOMAS,
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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENNA.
☞ Office in Opera House, Centre street.

IF you want the news read the FREEMAN. 1,600 columns a year.

MEDIEVAL LONDON.

The Tortuous and Broken Perspective of Its Ancient Streets.

Who can rebuild before the eye of the mind a single ordinary dwelling of the vanished London of the middle of the thirteenth century? It was a dwarfish, squalid structure, says a writer in Atlantic, of such crazy unsubstantiality that, with a stout iron crook and five strong cords, provided by the ward, it might be pulled down and dragged off speedily in case of fire; a structure of one-story jutting over a low ground floor, with another jut of eaves above, its front bearing an old resemblance to the back of a couple of huge stairs, and the whole a most rickety, tumble-down top-heavy, fantastical thing. Chimneys were fairly in vogue then, so it had them, squat, square, wide mouthed, faced with white plaster, red tiles, or gray pebble-work. Red tiles covered its roof; its walls were of rough planed planks, or a wooden framework filled with a composite of straw and clay, buttresses with posts, and crossed this way and that with supporting beams—the whole daubed over with whitewash, of which the weather soon made gray-wash. In front was a stairway, sometimes covered, sometimes not, or a step-ladder set slantwise against the wall, for an entrance to the upper story. The doorways were narrow and low, the windows also, and the latter, darkened with overbrows of wooden shutters, propped up from beneath, and sticking out like long, slender awnings, were further darkened by sashes of parchment, linen, or thin-shaven horn, for glass came from Flanders, and was costly and rare.

Such, joint and seam and tile being loosened into crack and cranny and crevice everywhere, was the dwelling of the London citizen as the eye might see it in the middle of the thirteenth century. Multiply that dwelling into a tortuous and broken perspective of like buildings, some joined by party-walls, some with spaces between, all pent-roofed or gable-peaked, heavy-eaved, stub-chimneyed, narrow-latticed, awning-shuttered, staircased, post-buttressed, beam-crossed, dusky-red-roofed, dingy-white-walled, and low under the overhanging vastness of the sky, and you have an ancient London street.

CONCERNING GLASS EYES.

Not Always to Be Detected When Seen—The Trade in Them.

"Good glass eyes come high," said an oculist recently to a Buffalo News man.

"Cost a big price, do they?"

"Yes, the good ones do."

"Then there is a good deal of difference?"

"Oh, yes. They range all the way from fifty cents to fifty dollars."

"Is there such a big demand for them?"

"Larger than most people suppose. The fact is that many people get along so well with a glass eye that not one person in ten suspects the fact."

"Some of our friends may be wearing one of those solid visual organs and we do not know it?"

"Precisely. I'll bet that several people in this city with whom you are acquainted are wearing glass eyes, and the fact has always escaped your attention."

"Tell me something about the business, doctor."

"In the first place the greater share of glass eyes, so called, are not glass. The best quality of artificial eyes is manufactured in America by a process that is kept absolutely secret. These are the lightest and best and will last the longer. The Germans also make a fine artificial eye. The best eyes are made of stone. The German article is cheaper than the American. The veining in the foreign eyes is not so well marked."

"What makes the trade profitable?"

"I'll tell you. One-eyed men are likely to be rather scarce, and one would think that having once stocked up they would buy no more. But this is not the case. An artificial eye gets to be a nuisance after it has been on duty two or three months. Another one has to be purchased. This explains the reason for the lively trade in these articles. There'll always be a trade in them, and a good one, too."

"How is it we don't notice a glass eye in some men?"

"Because they know enough to keep still about the matter, and wear the best eyes obtainable. In this way if you notice anything at all peculiar about their optics you imagine they have a squint or are cross-eyed."

IMAGINARY HUNGER.

Strange Influence of a Watch Upon a Man's Appetite.

I was engaged during the morning in preparing part of an interesting chapter in my new work. The one, in fact, which deals with the origin and development of the bonnet, says a writer in the Boston Post. I had got as far as the head-dress worn by the Athenian matrons to the theater, and was naturally much engrossed with the work, when an inward monitor, in a still, small, but yet unmistakable voice suggested "lunch." I looked at my watch—it said three o'clock.

Now, I always take luncheon at 1:30, never, in any emergency, later than two. But three o'clock! I felt ill and faint. I started for the club feeling like Rip Van Winkle, when he came home for his lunch twenty years late. I passed a friend; I tried to slink by without his noticing, but I could see he looked upon me sadly and askance as if I were in some way a stricken wether of the flock. I went in and sat down. Somehow everybody else seemed to be late. I looked at the clock, it was exactly 1:35. I looked at my watch again. It still said three o'clock. It had stopped during the night. Now mark the result. I instantly recovered from the starvation from which I had been suffering, and began to converse in my usual cheerful and intelligent manner. But I did not mention the extraordinary behavior of my watch, which I now reveal only in strict confidence.

British Maps.

British fondness for territory is illustrated very graphically in a well-known pocket atlas published by an English firm. British possessions are all printed in a brilliant shade of red, but the world is a large place, and even the numerous colonies of the little isle fail to make as great a show as was desired, so Grant Land, the great continent of rock and ice lying north of the arctic circle, and Graham Land, a similar tract south of the antarctic circle, were also printed in a rosy hue. These desolate wastes are undefined and unexplored, and of about as much use as the milky way. Certainly no nation will dispute Brittania's right to paint them red if she wants to.

Scholars' Mistakes.

"Fallacious means likely to fall," as "he rode a fallaeious horse." A girl in the course of an essay on the use of pictures in schools, said: "Sight is a gift of nature, for without sight pictures would be of very little use." In the certificate examination a second year student wrote: "Constantinople was formerly not belonging to England, and was a dull place, as the Turks generally are, but since it has belonged to us it has brightened up, and is now the key of the Black sea." Another student said glaciers move "down slopes, along valleys, over hills, just as streams do."—London Journal of Education.

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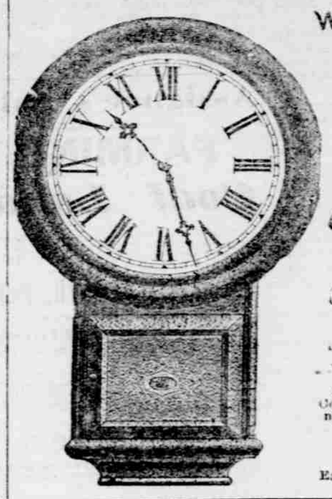

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LARGE SELECTION OF ALL KIND of JEWELRY always on hand.
☞ My line of Jewelry is unsurpassed Come and see for yourself before purchasing elsewhere.
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CARL RIVINIUS
Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1885-tf.

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We have wagons, buggies, surreys. High grade; as light, strong, durable, stylish, as beautifully finished as modernized manufacture can produce. Built on honor by men of life experience. Honesty is our policy; prompt shipment our specialty. We want to know you. Write us. Costs you nothing. May lead to business by and by. Send for our catalogue. It is free to every reader of this paper. Binghamton Wagon Co., Binghamton, N. Y.
"BUILT FOR BUSINESS."

Ely's Cream Balm
THE CURE FOR
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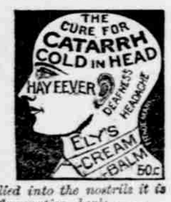

Ely's Cream Balm is not a liquid, snuff or powder. Applied into the nostrils it is quickly absorbed. It cleanses the head, allays inflammation, heals the sores. Sold by druggists or sent by mail on receipt of price.
50c ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street NEW YORK. 50c

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In Cash to be distributed among Canvassers for Clubs for the Weekly Times
A handsomely Illustrated Paper of Sixteen Pages.
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CHEAPEST PAPER IN the WORLD.
THE PUBLISHERS OF THE
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100,000 :-: Subscribers
Before January, 1892, and to accomplish this in the shortest space of time the price has been reduced to
50 Cents A Year.
And Cash to the amount of
One Thousand Dollars
Will be paid to the getters-up of Clubs, as follows:
FOR THE—
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3rd largest list, - - 100
3 next largest, - - 50
4 next largest, - - 25
10 next largest, - - 10
20 next largest, - - 5
The Above Prizes in Cash.
This Competition will be open to Everybody Everywhere—men, women boys and girls. Careful record will be kept of the Subscribers sent in by each Competitor, and the Cash will be paid when the contest closes, on the first day of December, 1891.

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A Handsome Weekly Journal, filled with richly illustrated articles on every subject of contemporaneous interest, including Fiction, Literature, Travel, Adventure, Society, the Drama, Sports and Home Life, the Farm and Garden, with all Current News of the world.
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From millions of customers, during the past years, comes the verdict that VICK'S SEEDS never disappoint. Why waste time, money and patience on others, when you can buy the BEST at same price? Make no mistake this year; send 10 cents for *Vick's Floral Guide*, deduct the 10 cents from first order, and it costs nothing. It is better than ever; 100 large pages, colored plates, *grand novelties* worthy of cultivation. Cash prizes $200 and $100.
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Is the place to get your
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We can print anything from the smallest and neatest Visiting Card to the largest Poster on short notice and at the most Reasonable Rates.
The Cambria Freeman,
EBENSBURG, PENN'A.

WALL PAPER.
Send 10c. to our Mail Department for new samples of 1891. Nice Papers for 6c.; Solid Gilt, from 15c. to 30c.; Fine Embossed and Irridesent Papers from 25c. to 50c. roll.
J. KERWIN MILLER & CO.,
343 Smithfield St.,
PITTSBURGH, PA.
(Mention this paper.)
March6-91-1yr

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BANKING : CO.,
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JNO. H MULLEN, - - - CASHIER.
A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
FIRE, LIFE, AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE.
ALL THE PRINCIPAL STEAMSHIP LINES REPRESENTED BY US.
Accounts of merchants, farmers and others earnestly solicited, assuring our patrons that all business entrusted to us will receive prompt and careful attention, and be held strictly confidential. Customers will be treated as liberally as good banking rules will permit.
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T. W. DICK.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENN'A.
☞ Special attention given to claims for Pension Bounty, etc. ch7-'8-9

SELECT GERMAN HUMOR.

WHAT'S that, Helena! You want thirty marks more to spend! Wife, do you know what that thing leads to?" "Certainly—to the millinery store."

OR DUELS.—Sergeant—When you put the gun to your shoulder to shoot, you must stand so still that a guide-post beside you would look like a drunken civilian.

IMPATIENT.—"O, Miss Ottilie, now that I have saved you from drowning, will you not grant me your hand for life?" "I beg you, doctor, leave me at least time to think till I get dry."

IN COURT.—"Have you anything to say in your defense, prisoner?" "Nothing, your honor, except that I made a mistake in the number of the house. I did not at all intend to break into that house."

"WHAT!" exclaimed the hotel proprietor, as the guest's hair stood on end at the size of the bill presented, "do you mean to say that startles you? You ought to be here in the height of the regular season!"

IN SCHOOL.—Teacher—"When the children of the Spartans did not promise to be well-formed and strong they were killed shortly after birth." Carl—"But how could they promise that when they were so very small?"

FATHERLY ADVICE.—"Maurice, when you marry, take a wife so rich that you would take her if she were the homeliest woman in the world, and then be sure that she is so beautiful that you would choose her if she were the poorest woman in the world."

A GOOD SITUATION.—"My dear nephew the situation of your shop seems very good. But why did you put it in this narrow alley?" "But look, uncle, how very convenient it is: directly opposite us is another drinking shop, and if anybody is kicked out of one of them he falls directly into the other."—Fliegende Blaetter.

ABOUT AND FOR MY LADY.

TWO WOMEN were naturalized the other day at Leavenworth.

THE manicures say that a pretty woman rarely has a pretty hand.

AN Iowa girl recently ran away from home to avoid playing on the piano.

ABOUT the only women in the world who swing their arms walking are Americans.

TWO SOCIETY women of Albuquerque, N. M., are said to have become insane from the use of cosmetics on their faces.

PERSIAN women have little education, and are reared in seclusion and ignorance, knowing nothing beyond the walls of their house.

BRIDES usually avoid jewels on their wedding day, but a girl who was recently married wore them on her throat, at her throat and in her hair.

A LADY came to the polls in Fort Scott, Kan., who refused a ticket from those doling them out, saying she had her ticket already prepared. She was allowed to have her own sweet way, and when the ballots were counted out her registration ticket, with her name in big letters, turned up all right.

CIRCASSIAN women, it is said, who are noted for the velvety softness of their complexions and rosy bloom, never use ointments of any kind. They apply to their faces half an hour before their bath a thorough coating of white of egg. When this has completely dried they wash it off with tepid water, and then proceed to bathe as usual in soap and water.

ART NOTES.

THE most unalterable of water colors have been found to be yellow ochre, terra sienna, sepia and blues.

THE British Museum, it is stated, has been offered a statue recently recovered in Egypt after a burial of over three thousand years.

ABOUT two miles above Parkersburg, W. Va., the site of a large prehistoric village has been found, and many relics unearthed.

AT Mont Del, in Brittany, the remains of about one hundred elephants have been discovered, gathered on a small surface of about nineteen hundred square meters. All the bones are broken, and it is thought that the animals must have been eaten by prehistoric men.

AN interesting curio sold at the Brayton-Ives sale was a flawless crystal ball 5 57-100 inches in diameter. In Japan such spheres are objects of worship, and those five inches in diameter are exceedingly rare and costly. This one is flawless and solid for twenty-eight hundred dollars.

IN gem engraving, whether intaglio or relief, there has been wonderful advance in the last ten years. Coats of arms, once rendered wholly in enamel, are now accurately reproduced in semi-precious stones. Rock crystal is exquisitely carved into scent bottles, essence flasks, bonbonnieres, inkstands and so on.

PEOPLE OF WEIGHT.

EIGHT feet is the height of Miss Ella Ewing, aged eighteen, of Scotland county, Mo. She is still growing.

CHARLEY JOHNSON, of Amber township, Mason county, Mich., is only sixteen years old and yet he weighs three hundred and ten pounds.

A SHOW of fat men has just been held at Berlin. The gentleman to whom the first prize was awarded weighed twenty-eight stone and a half, or four hundred pounds.

ONE of the largest babies ever seen in Florida is the son of Walter Sylvester, living in Palatka. He is seven months old and weighs forty pounds.

CLAUDE WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK PATTISON SULLIVAN YERKES, of Allentown, Pa., thirteen years old and weighing one hundred and seventy-four pounds, furnishes amusement for the town by attempting to jump over a rope thirteen inches from the floor. He can't cross it at this height, but when lowered a couple of inches he gets over, after many attempts, and gets a nickel for his pains.

HOUSEWIVES SHOULD HAVE

GOOD fuel.
SHARP knives.
A TIDY husband.
PURE soft water.
PLENTY of tinware.
A GOOD cook stove.
WEIGHTS and measures
NEIGHBORS that do not gossip.
FLOWERS and time to cultivate them.
A GOOD thermometer as well as a clock.
AT least one good newspaper treating upon subjects appropriate to her sex.
A PLACE outside the house to empty slops, convenient alike in cold and hot weather.
AN assortment of good brooms with screw-eyes in the handles and places to hang them.
AN iron scraper at every outside door, and mat with necessary instructions accompanying.
A GOOD clothesline and convenient posts for the same set close together upon a grassy yard.

A Modest Estimate.

Committeeman—How long will your lecture be?

Lecturer—It will take me about an hour and a half to deliver it.

Committeeman—But we want the entertainment to last two hours.

Lecturer—Well, it probably will, when you allow for the applause.—Saturday Evening Herald.

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KISSED BY A GODDESS

A Queer Old Superstition Regarding Washington Monument.

The Washington monument against the blue sky, a grand shaft, and it towers nearly a foot above the capitol dome. It stands on a hill about a mile away. Goddess of Liberty is of bronze, weighs fourteen thousand pounds, she stands erect on a globe on the cap of the dome, being nineteen and one-half feet from toes to the tips of the feathers in her crown her head.

She is a woman of wonderful size, and as a Pennsylvania railroad carries the statesman out of Washington it goes around a part of the hill in such a way that the traveler can see from the window seat the entire length of the statue of Liberty. Coming nearer and nearer to the Washington monument, until at last the traveler is in line with his eye, and the statue seems to form a black silhouette against the pure white of the monument.

This view of the monument, Philadelphia Press, has to be seen from a train going at the rate of forty miles an hour. There are a number of tracks just at the point where the statue comes visible, and a passing train will shut it out. It can only be seen for a second, and only one time in perhaps, in a dozen trips. Persons leaving the capital can usually keep their eyes glued on the window, and if they are lucky enough to make the right combination they expect to find their missions successful. If not, they feel sure of them feel the superstitious dread of failure assured, and it is strange how many times they are correct.

When Hawkbrough went home for a reelection to congress he kept his eye glued on the goddess from the time the train left the station, but just as he was about to see her lose the monument a freight car rushed in and for a moment passed. He went to Congress and failed to get his election. Sometime he left was to make his speech to the senate ship. But I will let him tell the story himself.

Said he: "I watched the goddess as we left the depot. The train was full of freight cars and I began to fear I should miss it. Senator Farwell was with me and he also kept his eye on the goddess against the monument. As we went on I noticed that the city freight cars increased in number, and as we neared the point where the tracks come together the track was filled with them. I kept my eye on the goddess, however, and I just caught a view of her as the train was leaning over and watching me. I did so, and when the train went together I excitedly clapped my hands against the other, saying: 'Forgive me, old woman and nearly scared the wits out of the old woman who sat in front of me, who must have thought I was crazy.

"Well, I went out to Dakota and secured my election. I don't, of course, believe that the monument and the goddess had much to do with it, but Charley Farwell, who failed to get them, went out to Illinois for the same purpose and got left."

THE RUSTLING SKIRT.

An Agreeable Sound Which Accompanies the Fashionable Woman.

A couple of elderly men were engaged in conversation in front of a certain hotel the other day, says a Philadelphia paper, when a fashionably dressed woman, who, from the several articles in her hands, evidently had been shopping, approached. Suddenly stopping in the midst of his talk, one of the two men bent his head down as if to catch some sound. "What's the matter?" quickly inquired his companion. "Are you sick?" "No, listen." "Are you sick?"

As the lady swept past a soft rustling sound was heard like the breathing of soft silk in one's hand. It was a pleasing sound.

"Wonder where that noise comes from," curiously inquired the other, hardly before the fair sinner had passed out of earshot.

"Why," explained his friend, "that came from that lady's skirt. It is a woman's latest fad—a rustling silk. This sound is produced by a stiff lining of some sort of silk imperial, and is put on the lower edge of the underskirt. When the feet touch it the rustling is produced. It is a European custom, and came across the water with my wife from Paris, and that's how I got to know about it. In Paris and London it's all the craze. Why, often over there I used to watch women walk on purpose for the hour to hear that soft, rustling sound."

AN ECCENTRIC ENGLISHMAN.

THE late duke of Bedford and twelfth peer to commit suicide in this century.

By the late duke of Bedford's will only his body was cremated, but a dozen boxes of personal clothing, boots, slippers and several walking sticks and umbrellas.

THE body of the extremely eccentric duke of Bedford, who recent sudden taking off caused a sensation in England, was incinerated in a crematory built especially for the purpose of cremation.

THE late duke of Bedford sat in the house of commons for twenty-five years, and in the house of lords for eighteen years, in all a parliamentary service of forty-three years, without opening his lips. His estate covered 18 acres in London, with about three hundred residences or shops.

THE late duke of Bedford was much of a hermit. He rarely went abroad, and not one in a thousand of his tenants had ever seen him. His income exceeded £1,000 a day, and every morning he awoke to find himself richer than he was the day before.

ALTHOUGH the late duke of Bedford was cremated, when the hearse reached the coffin they found it as heavy as usual, the duke having left instructions that a piece of lead should be placed in his coffin with a statement of the reason for the action, in case, if the coffin were opened centuries hence, there should be some suspicion concerning his death.

Impaired Eyesight.

The number of persons in town who wear eyeglasses is astonishing. A large number of children wearing them, and paling. A large proportion of the pupils in the higher classes of the public schools, says the New York Sun, are obliged to wear glasses, particularly among the girls' schools. Flickering gas, long hours of reading and sewing by badly-lighted classrooms are the principal causes of eye weakness with the young people, but the amazing increase in the reading habit is at the bottom of the general trouble. As an oculist expresses it: "We are all taking to the habit of reading, but the habit has not kept with the masses that they have yet learned how to do it without damaging their sight."

A Calf That Beats Rabbits.

Sheffield can now boast the possession of Georgia. It is a calf which is quite ahead of all the snake stories in the state—a calf that grows wild at the sight of a rabbit. Recently it gave chase to a rabbit a lively chase, making for the shelter in a hollow tree. The rabbit would then bleat until some one would come and catch the game. It is said by an estimable lady of Sheffield that she positively refused to lend the calf for others to hunt with.